JULY 7, 1947

New Republic

JUL - 3 1947

Airlines:

The Maryland Crash

Summer:

Packaged Vacations

Henry Wallace:

Democrats' Last Chance

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New Republic

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Washington Wire

Confusion As Usual

CONFUSION in Washington? Oh, nothing more than usual. Senator Taft, who said killing the OPA would promptly reduce prices, now says the new labor law will reduce strikes; one day after the Taft-Hartley Act to solve labor problems was passed, Representative (there-ought-to-be-a-law) Hartley urged enactment of another law; with the fuel crisis turning on how much coal there is above ground, it develops that for the first time in 20 years the Bureau of Mines has discontinued compiling statistics on soft-coal supplies, because of the GOP economy drive; and President Truman, having declared the Taft-Hartley Act "unworkable," is now entrusted with trying to make it work. Confusion in Washington? Nothing unusual.

HAVING enthusiastically urged the Taft-Hartley labor bill as a panacea for six months without bothering to read its provisions, most editorial writers are now secretly trying to find out for themselves whether it's a milestone or a millstone. That accounts for the current rash of articles explaining what's in the law—it's the editors boning up on the thing themselves. A week after passage many grudgingly admit the law is "not perfect." In private, some who were played for suckers on the "kill-the-OPA" drive are uneasily preparing themselves for a new year-long set of explanations. This column has always found itself comparing labor-management relations with those between husband and wife. The two may quarrel, but they can't live alone. Now Congress has passed a law ordering Mama to love Papa—or else. Well, we'll wait and see.

WHAT is actually known about the Marshall "plan"? First, it has never been formulated. About six months ago it became frighteningly obvious to certain high government officials that dollar shortages threatened ultimate European disaster. The Greek-Turkish loan crisis suddenly intervened. It was largely extraneous to the first problem. Washington has had four Secretaries of State in three years, and Byrnes, we gather, had simply forgotten to inform Marshall of the immediacy of the British retirement from Greece. To get the emergency Greek-Turkish appropriation through, as the London *Economist* wryly observed, the US practically had to declare war on Russia. Well, that matter was settled, but meanwhile the bigger issue of threatened European economic collapse came closer.

When Marshall returned from Moscow things started to happen. High government officials began to tell newsmen the real situation, off-the-record. Then a carefully planned series of State Department speeches started. They emphasized the immensity of the needed program. Dean Acheson passed the ball to Ben Cohen, and others joined in.

The crescendo reached a climax in Marshall's Harvard speech on June 5. Most of the Marshall suggestion was implied, not explicit. If Congress is going to be sold a big program, he virtually declared, then Europe must crash through with a daringly imaginative plan of its own. Marshall indicated that what he wanted was an agreement on a self-liquidating reconstruction program, the diminishing deficits of which the US will underwrite. Doubtless the general outline of what Marshall will try to get through Congress was taken abroad by Will Clayton.

NOTES.—Nosegay for the anniversary of the OPA's death: Mutual Broadcasting tried to get a Republican to debate Leon Henderson on the question, "Should price controls have been lifted last year?"—no Republican would do it. . . . The House has just passed a reform bill providing that Army and

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from a reader in Montevideo, Uruguay

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Navy officers shall be promoted on a basis of ability rather than seniority; the House retains the seniority system for selecting its own committee chairmen. . . . GOP leaders are uncertain whether it's worth-while to make a gesture to labor by raising the floor of minimum wages; some feel labor votes are lost anyway. . . . The *Infantry Journal* estimates that an atom bomb exploding on impact would dig a crater in soft earth one mile wide and 10 stories deep. . . . It isn't the Jim Farley we used to know who is writing the articles about FDR in *Collier's;* Jim even picked a Chicago *Tribune* man, Walter Trohan, to ghost-write the book for him. . . . Despite Marshall's urgent pleading, GOP economizers still won't grant the full amount he asks for his overseas broadcasts; it looks as though the Voice of America will be cracked. . . . The Commerce Department has solemnly warned that from now on America's enormous exports are likely to decrease, unless the world is promptly supplied with additional dollar exchange. . . . And the SEC has disclosed that the rate of American savings is sharply declining; national savings for the first quarter of 1947 were only about half what they were in the same quarter a year ago.

HERMAN BUCHHOLTZ, 62-year-old Maritime Commission employee, won the Washington *Post* 1946 contest as the man who had saved the taxpayer most by refraining from taking optional sick leave in 26 years' service; Buchholtz and 1,100 other faithful Maritime workers were laid off the other day because funds temporarily ran out—the cost of the suspension will come from their wages. . . . Meat exports aren't the thing sending prices up; only two percent of the country's supplies now go abroad. . . . The Supreme Court has finally sustained Harold Ickes, who said tidelands oil belongs to all, not a few, of the people. . . . Although the fight for the preposterous wool-tariff bill collapsed with Truman's veto, GOP tariff advocates are simply waiting for next year. . . . The Reed-Bulwinkle bill to modify anti-trust-law coverage on railroads will pass soon. Truman has told friends he will veto that, too.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

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News in Focus

"A Place Lit with Courage"

THE June afternoon was hotter but otherwise little different from the day a great man had said, "I have a very bad headache," and then passed on into history. The little white cottage where Franklin D. Roosevelt died in Warm Springs, Georgia, was being dedicated as a national shrine, and for the occasion a special train had brought the dignitaries from Washington. But somehow the faces missing seemed more important than those present.

President Truman had sent only a letter and a secretary to represent him. No member of the Roosevelt family came, and at the scene were only a few of the legions who had basked in FDR's great personal warmth and ridden to power through his great strength. For politicians seeking power it is not fashionable now to say you were a follower of Franklin Roosevelt. Neither the British, the French nor the Chinese ambassadors were in Warm Springs. Of our wartime allies among the big powers, only the Russian Ambassador, Nikolai Novikov, was present.

The occasion would have been an unredeemably sad footnote to history if it had not been for the brief speech of one valiant old Southerner, Josephus Daniels, who dared to speak out in the way FDR himself did—with faith and courage—in troublesome times. This is what he said:

"Many of us come here today out of affection for a man, but those of us who loved him most, I believe, come also in devotion to the things to which Franklin Roosevelt gave his life. It was his genius that he could speak clearly in warmhearted leadership for us in an American period of difficulty never equaled in the history of our nation.

"What we say here will be soon forgotten. On this day we are only a little group of the millions who will come not merely for aid in the ills of the body but for help in the deeper sicknesses of the spirit.

"We come to these springs to which a young man came. How young and debonair, striding and strong he had been. I am glad I can remember not only that he was great but that he was beautiful as well. He came here a cripple to recruit his strength.

"It is fitting that we come here in an hour today when there seems to be more hate and confusion than love and purpose in the world. In New World and Old World alike, recent allies of courage and sacrifice are made in their victory to seem implacable enemies across an impermanent peace. There are men among us who would defend democracy by infringing its liberties. There are some who think that the democratic faith depends for defense upon military force rather than the steady fulfilment of its promise for plenty and freedom together and everywhere.

"We need not be the captives of our fears.

"Only the already lost can think of our future as besieged.

"We have more to give than to guard.

"Our powers are not weapons but tools with which to build the promise of democracy into the purposes of mankind.

"Sometimes that faith is hard to hold. Even to one who has seen many years, these times seem dark. But this place is lit with courage. Indeed, it is illumined with faith."

How History Is Made

ONE extraordinary thing about the Marshall plan is the very casualness of its beginning. Secretary Marshall, an extremely busy man these days, did not even bother to get the customary White House clearance on policy declarations for his June 5 speech, since it was couched in general language and concerned matters which had been under discussion with European governments for many weeks.

The rapid reaction of Foreign Ministers Bevin and Bidault, who interpreted the Harvard speech as a stentorian whisper advising them to get busy, was as much of a surprise to Marshall as to anyone else, though not an unpleasant one. Next day the Secretary explained his oversight to the President, who agreed that the speech probably was as good a way as any to get things going.

The cabinet, however, had not been consulted, which helps explain the subsequent outburst of President Truman's Missouri buddy in the Treasury, John Snyder. At a press conference Snyder icily observed that he did not consider

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First Test of the Marshall Plan

by David Schoenbrun

PARIS (by wireless).—For the first few days, Ernest Bevin's "iron curtain" held tightly and the Paris conference of the British, French and Russian Foreign Ministers kept its secrets pretty well. Then steam began to leak around the edges. After the preliminaries, these seemed to be the viewpoints that the three men brought to the conference.

THE SOVIET VIEWPOINT

The Russians are not prepared to follow the Anglo-French lead in accepting at face value the Marshall plan for the economic rehabilitation of Europe on a continental basis.

Out of hand, the Russians were unwilling to pledge themselves to anything so fundamental to the political future of Europe without knowing in advance that it would come off—and they wanted the US to assure them that the vague phrases of the Marshall speech at Harvard (see "How History Is Made," page 5) could be translated into dollars, plows, machine tools and food.

Tass dispatches flashed from Paris to Moscow and then throughout the world, questioning the wisdom of an integrated European economic plan on the further grounds that it would interfere with the separate, long-term plans of the individual countries—plans like the French Monnet four-year plan and the Soviet's postwar five-year plan.

According to Tass, the Russians were leery, too, that an all-continental plan would result in building up Germany—the reasoning being that it obviously would be more economical to use Ruhr coal and steel now, but in the long run that would be just what the victor nations oppose.

Molotov, according to Tass, felt that the problem of Germany could not be approached in the absence of the US, and that it should stay where it is—on the agenda of the November Foreign Ministers' meeting.

THE FRENCH VIEWPOINT

France eagerly grasped the Marshall proposal that the European nations organize to find out how much American aid they need and what kind. Frenchmen, prominent and obscure, were eager to believe.

Bidault therefore sought to establish at once committees of economic experts in five fields: power (both from coal and hydroelectricity), food, transport, iron and steel, and finance. Each committee would contain a representative from each European country that is interested, and especially those with potential contributions to make in the field that is involved—for instance: Belgium and Poland for coal; Denmark and Yugoslavia for food. American observers would sit with each committee.

The committees would make an inventory of Europe's needs and resources, and draw up a plan for the best possible use of the resources in the light of the needs. Then it would spell out the deficit which America would be asked to meet. This last proposal would be turned over to a pan-European council to be transmitted to the United States, with the idea that American aid should be given to a common European pool. Bidault believes that in this way Europe might be made self-supporting in five to ten years.

THE BRITISH VIEWPOINT

Bevin's plan is virtually identical with Bidault's except that he would have an over-all general council supervising the special committees. Both countries would include Germany and other former enemy nations, and the neutrals, though France is hesitant about Franco Spain. Britain is said to feel—I am unable to get confirmation of this point—that since Spain is in Europe, she ought to be included.

David Schoenbrun is the CBS correspondent in Paris.

Marshall's speech an invitation for European nations to line up for US loans, a probability which strikes horror to his cautious banker's heart.

Along Washington's Embassy Row and in the State Department itself, Snyder's remarks caused consternation. Within a matter of hours, State, working through the White House, had gotten Treasury to issue a supplementary statement that Snyder's words should not be interpreted as indicating a reversal of policy. The fears of foreign diplomats could not be this easily allayed, however, and to most of them Snyder's observation was frank warning that in the cabinet, as in Congress, there are many who look with disfavor on any large-scale European lending program, no matter how cogent a plan is devised by Bevin, Bidault and Molotov.

Secretary Marshall, an old hand at dealing with Congress, is well aware of the depth of congressional opposition, and that is one reason why he has kept his plan nebulous. The State Department actually has only put out trial balloons and hints on the subject, stressing the urgency of Europe's needs and mentioning that US trade cannot expect to continue its current export level unless some way is found for Europeans to pay.

As nebulous as it is, the Marshall plan can be considered neither a program nor a doctrine. Rather it is a hope that some way will be found of convincing Congress and the American people that loans to Europe are necessary, both to stave off a European crisis and to keep the American economy on an even keel. But in such an abstract state the plan has not aroused the enthusiasm of Senator Vandenberg, the GOP's foreign-policy sage. Growing increasingly skittish about getting out on a bipartisan foreign-policy limb, the Senator asked, after the Harvard speech, for a public investigation first of US ability to make big loans before he will give his opinion.

If dollars and cents are to be the main consideration, proponents of the Marshall plan point out that official estimates of government income for the fiscal year starting July 1 are about $39 billion, and that outgo, after Congress gets through paring the presidential

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udget, will be about $34 billion. Thus $5 billion balance will be available for ans and credits to Europe, one figure hich has been mentioned in pre-Paris nference speculation about immedie European needs.

Overshadowing the Paris conference id ever present in Secretary Marshall's ind is the knowledge that Europe's ollar resources are fast dwindling. /ith US prices, particularly of grain, sing, Britain will have exhausted her an some time next winter. France, aly and the Netherlands all are exected to reach the bottom of their dolr barrels about January 1. So at least mporary solution of the problem could ot wait for the next scheduled meeting the Big Four in London next Noember. But by then the crisis would be on us. Even now is late enough.

cientists in Politics

SINCE they joined together in October, 1945, to appeal for world government as the only means of preventing ar, America's atomic scientists have mpaigned continually for awareness of e problems created by their discovery. ne atomic scientists of Chicago have iblished a bulletin distributed throughit the world. The Oak Ridge group s held a series of three-day conferces in eight states. Organizations in ew York, New England and the West ast have sent speakers to more than 000 meetings. The National Committe on Atomic Information, a federation 70 national organizations, has carid into every American community the nclusion of the atomic scientists: that ere is no defense against the bomb, d that world control alone can prent atomic war.

The effectiveness of the scientists has pended on their unanimity. But like groups, they are becoming increasgly divided. One group, led by Harold ey, believes that the UN is totally adequate and that peace requires the mediate formation, with or without ssia, of world government. Urey, an l supporter of Union Now, believes at this world government will be, and ould be, a union of the democracies, ng the lines proposed by Clarence eit.

A second group believes that a nuclear union without Russia will lead to an atomic-arms race and to war. Leo Szilard, one of its spokesmen, broadly accepts the Lilienthal plan but believes that the problem of atomic control is insoluble unless it is treated as part of an over-all program for economic, social and political reconstruction. He has developed his own plan for an over-all world settlement through the United Nations.

A third group, which believes that science and politics cannot mix, asserts that the role of the scientist today is to stay in the laboratory and leave public affairs to the politicians.

At the insistence of the Chicago group, leaders of the atomic scientists went on June 18 to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to try to resolve their differences. Szilard and Urey presented their conflict, and, at the end, a joint statement, endorsing the objective of world government but stressing the necessity of continuing to work for an agreement with Russia through the UN, was prepared. One week later at Princeton, Albert Einstein's Emergency Committee for Atomic Scientists, Inc., the over-all fund-raising organization on which Urey and Szilard serve, met.

After a session that lasted all night, it issued an altogether new statement declaring that the atomic-energy negotiations in the UN had failed and that only an immediate world government could prevent war. Szilard signed the statement. Urey again endorsed the conflicting Geneva declaration and added that the scientists would not say yet whether the UN should be scrapped.

Evidently the atomic scientists still hope that they may avoid an open split. But the pressures mount as world divisions deepen.

Jalopies—1947 Style

A TYPICAL big-city auto showroom, its windows plastered with signs advertising "Used Cars Inside," features a Cadillac sedan for only $6,000 (list price, $3,379). The speedometer reads like the box score of a tight baseball game—000011. In another corner is a Buick convertible for $5,000 (list price, $2,751), complete with factory stickers on the windshield and mothballs in the back seat. Only a fingerprint expert would be able to prove the car had been driven.

Municipal officials all over the country tried to figure a way to crack the racket. But after investigating the sale of such 1947 beauties by used-car dealers, New York City's department of licenses announced last week that it all seemed to be strictly legal. The cars were apparently no longer "new" because their speedometers showed mileage, therefore used-car dealers could not be prosecuted for misusing their permits by selling "new" models. Commissioner Benjamin Fielding fumed, but in the end all he did was to ask for new legislation.

Disappointed auto-seekers wondered what kind of dictionary the commissioner was using to determine the meaning of "new." Their dictionaries had this definition: "New—having existed or been made a short time, having originated or occurred lately, not early or long in being; recent, fresh, modern." Nowhere did Noah Webster mention speedometers.

The Oil Shortage

THE case for shutting off oil exports to the Soviet Union was examined last week by the House Merchant Marine Committee. After hearing from Captain Ralph Wilson, naval representative of the Army-Navy Petroleum Board, and several other witnesses, it was found that:

¶ Current oil shipments to Russia are no more than normal, and account for

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only one-tenth of one percent of daily US production.

¶ Russia buys mainly number-six bunker fuel (a grade so low that US vessels do not use it), and Diesel fuel oils. The Soviet Union is not purchasing high-octane aviation gas, currently in short supply.

The complex reasons why there is a real oil and oil-products shortage at present in the US came out with less enthusiasm. Some of the contributing factors are:

¶ The unparalleled demand which outruns supply, although supply itself (as to crude oil) is higher than at the peak of the war and 30 percent greater than the average for 1941.

¶ Shortage of refining and transportation facilities, due partly to the fact that the oil industry was not permitted to expand its operations during the war, partly to underestimates of consumption and partly to the industry's unwise hostility to continued use of Big Inch (which is now being employed for natural gas).

¶ A worldwide burden on oil because of the shortage of competing fuels, notably coal.

¶ Other industrial shortages, particularly steel.

On this final point, Max Ball, director of the Interior Department's oil and gas division, says, "Give us steel for tank cars and pipelines, for production and refining, and we will settle the problem."

Blood Test

THE Overseas News Agency reports that in Hanover, Germany (British zone), the Chamber of Artisans still uses Nazi questionnaires. If an artisan wants to obtain a master's degree, he must declare under oath whether he is of "German blood," "non-Jewish," "100-percent Jewish," or "half-breed."

Report from Rome

by John Mecklin

THE visit to Rome this week of Senora Maria Eva Duarte de Peron, the wife of Argentina's strong-man president, has been discouraging evidence that the war left many things unsettled, such as fascism.

Italy for the moment is a working democracy, and Premier de Gasperi, despite his recent ouster from the government, is a sincere anti-fascist. But the condition of the world is such that this country has literally been blackmailed into giving Senora Peron a big reception.

A former movie actress with platinum-blonde hair and several kilograms of jewelry, wife of a dictator or not, she represents one of the few countries in the world able to provide wheat and loans for war-broken Italy. Besides, even the US, which is the touchstone of Italian foreign policy, no longer is mad at Peron.

Thus the woman who gave a Fascist salute to a delighted crowd in Madrid as she stood beside Generalissimo Franco, arrived in Rome Thursday in an American-built C-54 of the Argentine Airline to be met by Foreign Minister Carlo Sforza, one of Italy's greatest symbols of anti-fascism, and by the wife of Premier de Gasperi—and this only the starter of a triumphal two-week tour.

Friday she spent 20 minutes with the Pope, who praised the generosity of Argentina and her "illustrious president." Friday evening she entertained at a great reception in the Grand Hotel attended by eight Cardinals, but not a single representative of present-day Italian leadership. More than 80 bottles of champagne were consumed.

De Gasperi entertained her at lunch Saturday and provisional President Enrico de Nicola was next with an invitation to tea. Right-wing center newspapers have given her even more play than LaGuardia merited when he was here as UNRRA director a year ago. The squirming leftist press has contented itself with conspicuous silence.

The people's reaction was more interesting—and important. Several thousand unpaid, unorganized Romans turned out to greet Senora Peron's arrival and cheered hysterically. When she appeared on the balcony of the Argentine Embassy—where $250,000 was spent to prepare her 12-room suite alone—the crowd began chanting "Pay-rone, Pay-rone, Pay-rone," with the same rhythm psychology once used for another word—Duce.

A gang of leftists started a riot, shouting, "Down with fascism," toward the end of the demonstration, and police immediately arrested 27 of them. Indignation was so great that even the Communist-Socialist press deplored the incident, though enraged police failed to arrest "Fascists" too.

I discussed all this at length with a group of newspaper mechanical workers I have long known and respected. Most of them Socialists, they unanimously agreed Italy must be nice to Senora Peron because Argentina had been nice to Italy. I asked if they were unaware of the fact that Peron is a dictator who uses the same methods as Mussolini. One replied, "Probably so, but why should we get excited about a dictator in Argentina when most Fascist leaders in Italy are walking around free in their old jobs—especially when things are going so badly for workers?"

Perhaps the most typical example of the tactics Peron is using to win Italian friendship is his recent suggestion of a Latin American campaign to modify the harsh terms of the Italian peace treaty. In doing so, he appealed to exactly the same nationalistic elements which have been stirring up the Italian people against Western and Eastern allies alike.

Peron, of course, is highly qualified to comment on the Italian peace treaty because he declared war on the Axis a whole month before Mussolini was executed.

John Mecklin is a radio correspondent in Rome.

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Arms for Good Neighbors

THE House Foreign Affairs Committee was studying the question of United States military equipment for Latin America. Last week the hearings brought out two State Department viewpoints. One was from Dean Acheson, whose resignation as Undersecretary of State was effective June 30. The other was that of Secretary Marshall.

Acheson (in a letter to the War Department written last March) said such a program:

¶ Would encourage the Latin American nations to spend money for arms which should go for developing industries and raising living standards.

¶ Would represent a huge expenditure by the US, which would be called upon to subsidize the program for the poorer countries.

Secretary Marshall asked for early and favorable action on the bill, declaring that otherwise our good neighbors to the south would get military supplies elsewhere. The Secretaries of War and Navy, and General Eisenhower and Admiral Nimitz added their support. In the background were rumors that Argentina's President Peron was secretly slipping military aid to the dictatorial government of Paraguay.

Among the known exporters of arms in the world today is the United States. With approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, an interim arms-shipping program is being undertaken by Major General Donald H. Connolly, State Department foreign-liquidation commissioner. His office has sold military equipment to various Latin American nations. Cost to US taxpayers of such equipment—$37 million; sales price, $5 million.

End of Scholarships

LLOYD WASSELL, president of a thriving little Westport, Connecticut, concern which manufactures production-control charts, lost three of his four sons in World War II. In their memory he set up an annual $200 scholarship to be awarded the high-school senior who writes the best essay on "What Free Enterprise Has Done for America." This month only three students out of a class of 114 submitted entries.

UN Score Card

¶ The *Security Council* continued discussion of a world police force, with the USSR arguing for equal contributions by all nations. Australia led the opposition, asking that contributions be made according to the size of the nations.

¶ The Council's *Commission for Conventional Armaments* finally agreed to establish working committees that would deal with regulation and reduction of armaments and also with the political aspects of security.

In an indignant letter to the Westport Board of Education, Wassell announced that he planned to withdraw the scholarship. With his letter Wassell sent two volumes entitled *The American Individual Enterprise System,* published by the National Association of Manufacturers, and recommended that the Board of Education "create a course based on these volumes or their equal."

Civil Liberties in Far East

BACK from an eight-week tour of Japan and Korea, Roger N. Baldwin, chief of the American Civil Liberties Union, tossed General MacArthur a bouquet for doing what he called a splendid job of putting Japan on the road to democracy. Lieutenant General John H. Hodge, Korean occupation head, got just the reverse—severe disapproval. Baldwin declared that while "Japan has the appearance of a liberated country, Korea seemed like a conquered one," where US troops are as disliked as the Japanese soldiers before them.

Baldwin cited three main points in favor of the MacArthur regime:

¶ The Japanese are comparatively free to speak and write as they please, aside from certain limitations placed on their editors by US censors.

¶ MacArthur had eliminated "thought police" soon after taking command.

¶ US troops have conducted themselves so as to inspire genuine friendship among the population as a whole.

As against MacArthur's record in Japan, Baldwin said that southern Korea under Hodge had become a "police state," in which political leaders are being terrorized by lawless elements. He emphasized the fact that unrest in the US zone has arisen from Hodge's refusal to redistribute the land, reform the police force and punish collaborators, as has been done in the Russian zone to the north. Baldwin warned that unless such reforms are initiated, there may be civil war in southern Korea.

One for Mr. Thomas

THE House Un-American Activities Committee has won the first round of a test of its legality in a Washington, D. C., court. Dr. Edward A. Barsky and 15 other board members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee were found guilty of contempt of Congress for refusing to turn their organization's records over to the House committee.

Questions of fact in the case were left to the jury, but Federal Judge Richmond B. Keech bluntly settled the law. In charging the jury, he said: "The Court instructs you, as a matter of law, that the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives was a validly constituted committee of Congress; that said committee had jurisdiction over the matters under consideration; that the documents requested were pertinent thereto; that the committee had reasonable basis for issuing the subpoenas in question; that the subpoenas were not unreasonable in requesting production of the various documents."

That would seem to leave Representatives J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.), John E. Rankin (D, Miss.), *et al.,* pretty much in the driver's seat. But defense counsel O. John Rogge, former Special Assistant to the Attorney General, promised that the case will go higher and higher until a definitive ruling can be had on his contention that the "House resolution here involved [setting up the committee] has no defined or recognizable meaning in law or by general acceptation and gives a few men . . . opportunity to sit in perpetual judgment on the thoughts and opinions of their fellows."

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Labor's Plan to Meet the Challenge

Labor's GHQ

by Helen Fuller

LABOR wasted little time on Taft-Hartley postmortems. Occasionally CIO and AFL staffmen in Washington swapped additional evidence that the White House could have done more than it did to line up votes for the President's veto. And the CIO pointed out that John L. Lewis failed to deliver the votes of even the two Senators he had volunteered to bring into line. But all branches of labor, for a change, became so intent on the future that they had no time to be bitter about the past.

Labor's plans call for fighting in the courts, on the picket line and at the polls. The AFL and CIO strategy meetings held last week came out at the same door, and A. F. Whitney's Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen seems certain to join in this meeting of the minds when its policy board convenes.

When the AFL high command assembled in Washington 48 hours after the Taft-Hartley bill became law, close to 300,000 miners had already laid down picks and thousands of AFL local members had petitioned the national body to call a 24-hour protest strike throughout the nation. Green, Lewis, Meany and company listened to the detailed bad news their lawyers gave them about what life would be like under the new law and then decided against any such dramatic course.

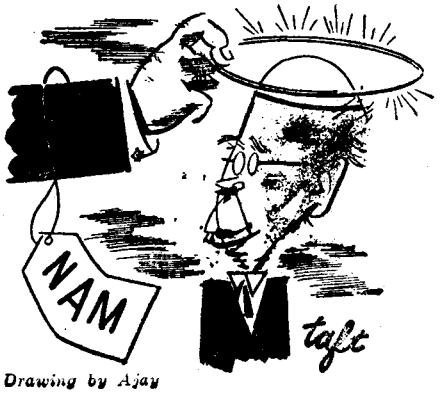
The AFL, "labor's aristocracy," resolved it would revolt, but in legal fashion. The AFL will go out in 1948 "to defeat every member of Congress who voted for the bill," Green reported after the high-policy meeting.

As for immediate AFL tactics, the plan was to bring crucial provisions of the new law to a quick court test. AFL general counsel Joseph Padway put it short and sweet. He advised the unions deliberately to disregard two of the Act's controversial sections—the ban on political expenditures and the provision requiring union officers to disclaim Communist affiliation or sympathy.

After that the AFL will move to test the outlawing of the secondary boycott and the closed shop. The AFL top bosses decided not to go further until they had conferred with the 105 national and international AFL leaders who have been summoned to Washington for a policy conference on July 9. Whatever the specific outcome of this meeting, the AFL is almost certainly headed for more political action and more coöperation with the CIO and the brotherhoods locally.

Philip Murray hastily summoned a four-day emergency meeting of the CIO executive board. That was about as soon as West Coast members could get to Washington. Forty top labor lawyers, representing almost all the CIO unions, met one day in advance. They spent 10 hours in closed session arguing technical aspects of the new law and drawing up their legal recommendations for board action.

REPUBLICAN congressmen had been telling the nation that labor planned to sabotage the new Act by flooding the Taft-Hartley governmental machinery with phony cases. A majority of the CIO lawyers actually advised the union officers privately that it was impractical to make any use of the new machinery at all. Even if an excess of cases put the board and the mediation service out of commission, there was no reason to believe that the men in control there would admit it and urge changes in the law. There is no prohibition in the anti-labor law against by-passing the labor-relations machinery it sets up, the CIO lawyers pointed out. The CIO, they advised, would be better off if it returned to pre-Wagner Act methods and won union recognition the hard way instead of by NLRB elections. (A few added privately that this was a very good thing for the CIO, that NLRB elections and such were turning organizers into sissies.)



Drawing by Ajay

On politics, the CIO board was even more forthright than the AFL. It intends to disregard the political prohibitions in the Act entirely.

THE special election to be held in the Third Congressional District of Maryland on July 15 will give the CIO a good chance to test the law by circulating copies of the CIO *News* containing voting records and by sending in prominent campaign speakers, perhaps including even Philip Murray.

Not in years has the CIO held a board meeting so free from factional bickering and inner conflict. There was a minimum of debate over the statement of principles and a maximum of attention to ways of mobilizing political strength for repeal of the Act. The decision was made to work in harmony with other labor forces, to expand the CIO's Political Action Committee and to solicit greatly increased voluntary contributions for political purposes. Existing collective-bargaining agreements will be fulfilled.

Very few think that such complete unity can last even in face of the Taft-Hartley dangers. But whether or not the CIO is able to maintain a solid front of its own, to say nothing of unity with the other branches of labor, there is a good chance that the Taft-Hartley political-action prohibitions will be repealed before the beginning of the 1948 campaign. Senator George D. Aiken (R, Vt.) privately states that he agreed to vote to override the President's veto only after the Republican leadership had assured him that if he did so, they would subsequently offer no objection to striking out the political-action prohibitions. The fact that all branches of labor will have their main fire trained on this part of the Act may make it somewhat more painful for Taft and company to sell Senator Aiken short.

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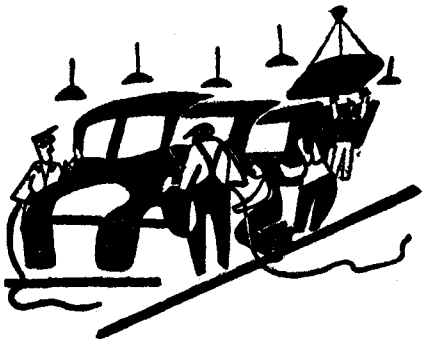


The Far West

by Sidney Roger

SAN FRANCISCO. – The sector in California hardest hit by the Taft-Hartley bill is the San Francisco Bay area, where 86 percent of the working contracts include a closed or union shop. Labor here, as well as in Oakland on the other side of the sprawling bay, plans to fight the bill with economic and judicial weapons as well as with concerted political action.

The CIO will probably be most active in the fight. It is militant here; the members of the San Francisco CIO council were the first unionists to send telegrams to Philip Murray urging that the CIO, the AFL and the railroad brotherhoods join in a national 24-hour work stoppage.

Paul Schnurr, secretary of the CIO council, said, "We aren't going to take this lying down—we're going to carry the battle to them." Implementing Schnurr's words with action, Hugh Bryson, the national president of the Marine Cooks' and Stewards' Union, has already mailed letters to all national unions in the US calling for third-party talks.

In a similar mood, Harry Bridges, speaking as president of the CIO Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, declared: "We didn't get the hiring halls by an act of Congress, and we don't intend to lose them that way. We have a year's contract and we will use that time preparing for a fight. We don't want the Republicans, *or* Democrats headed by a Truman."

Bridges calls the Taft-Hartley Act the reverse side of the Truman Doctrine coin. He is confident his union will follow through in the struggle, and emphasizes that he has the support of foreign shore-side workers in the event of direct action.

Despite the law's provisions outlawing "political expenditures," editors of CIO newspapers intend to continue publishing political comment and the voting records of congressmen. They hope either to get away with it or to have at least that section of the law declared unconstitutional if they're dragged into court. More extreme measures, however, are not being considered. The local CIO emphasizes that it will try to wage an intelligent fight against the law. Big political-education plans are under way.

THE AFL reaction to the bill has been strongest, and most antagonistic, in Oakland, where the AFL recently joined with the CIO to win an important victory in the municipal elections. Impressed by its own growing political strength and the advantages of coöperation, Oakland labor has scheduled an anti-Taft-Hartley Act mass meeting for July 15 under the combined sponsorship of the AFL, the CIO, the railroad brotherhoods and independent unions.

In San Francisco the AFL is slightly more cautious than its Oakland counterpart. No joint CIO-AFL action is being considered here.

Although the AFL rank and file welcomes unity talk, union officers are cooler to the idea. The leaders talk more about punishing enemies and rewarding friends. Officials emphasize that they plan to steer clear of party lines and to support favorable legislators in any group. Ironically, AFL officials who supported the Republicans in 1946 ruefully admit that their candidates cut labor's throat.

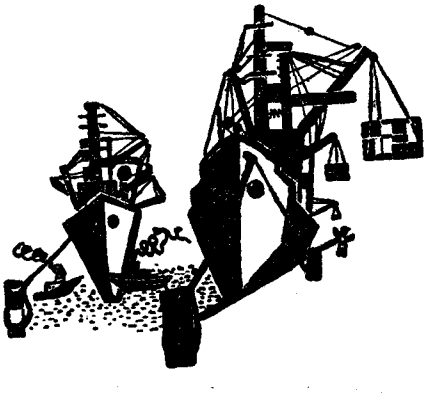
The AFL here has passed a resolution that if any union has trouble in contract renewal under the Taft-Hartley Act, such union shall be given the solid economic and physical support of its brothers. A bakery-wagon union official said his closed-shop-contract renewal falls one day after the law becomes effective. "If we don't get a closed shop," the official stated, "then let Taft, Hartley, Vandenberg and company deliver the bread."

The railroad workers, organized in their conventionally independent brotherhoods, are confused because they do not know their status under the law. The firemen and engineers' brotherhoods are the most disgruntled, remembering Truman's threat to call out the Army during the big railroad strike last year. Men who never talked politics before are hoping for political action, but they are waiting for their international officers to speak up. Among the railroaders, third-party sentiment is rather weak.

Some of the strongest local reaction against the bill has developed among union men who are also veterans. A veterans'-employment official reports that ex-GI's are asking, "Is this what we fought for?" The labor vets want to "kick out the double-crossers," and are an important source of third-party sentiment, which seems to be gaining momentum as a result of the Taft-Hartley Act. Many vets declare that the same men who voted in favor of overriding the veto are the ones who have been stalling veterans' legislation.

Although California's Senator Sheridan Downey (D) voted to sustain President Truman's veto of the bill, many union men here are disappointed in him. They tried to get him to join Senators Pepper (D, Fla.), Kilgore (D, W. Va.), Taylor (D, Idaho) and Morse (R, Ore.) in their filibuster, but he wasn't having any.

Perhaps because San Francisco and Oakland are closed-shop towns, businessmen have escaped the profanities directed toward politicians. State employment offices are now reporting, however, that they have received few calls for workers since the bill became law. That has given rise to speculation that employers are waiting 60 days until the law's provisions banning the closed



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shop go into effect, in hopes that they can then hire outside the union halls.

A few of either the more optimistic or more far-sighted local union leaders feel that the Taft-Hartley Act may turn out to be a blessing, although they admit it's well disguised. Its provisions, they reason, may draw the various factions of labor together and, at the same time, make the AFL more politically minded. Certainly, rank-and-file opinion among all unionists in the Bay area is now crystallizing for vigorous joint action. And bolstering the present mood is the historic fact that San Francisco labor has always pooled its resources in time of crisis.

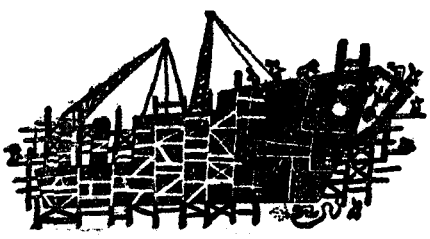
The East

by Ellis Baker

BALTIMORE.—The workers in this steel, shipbuilding and aircraft center are rebellious yet cautious. Rebellion against the Taft-Hartley Act is most evident in the union newspapers, which say labor has been "gagged," "shackled" and "the victim of a gigantic hoax." The caution comes in the noncommittal statements of union officials. Officially, neither AFL nor CIO leaders will sanction the one-day protest stoppage.

But the strike picture was still clouded, despite the soft tones of union higher-ups. Already 8,000 Bethlehem steel workers were out, and 4,000 men at the Maryland Dry Dock Company set their deadline for a settlement on the same day that the Smith-Connally Act expired.

Meanwhile, the AFL consulted its lawyers to explore the constitutionality of the new law. Frank K. Bender, regional director for the CIO, while admitting the CIO was having difficulty keeping some of its members on the job, said: "Under our system of government, a stoppage is not the way to remedy repressive or unfavorable legislation."



There were reasons for caution. Other than in the shipyards, no major labor disputes appeared likely until the expiration of the AFL teamster contracts late in the summer, and the unions were lying low.

The temper of Baltimore is another reason for caution. Although the unions had made progress toward "respectability" during the war, they are still regarded as a necessary evil by many, and an unnecessary one by some. In a metropolis of approximately a million persons, union estimates of its membership run as low as 125,000. The daily press is unanimously hostile to labor (alone among the nation's 10 largest cities, Baltimore has no daily paper represented by the Newspaper Guild) and sympathetic civil leaders are few.

It was perhaps not wholly a coincidence that the Maryland Federation of Telephone Workers was the first union to return to work during the nationwide telephone strike, nor that a local board of arbitrators later granted it almost exactly the same increase the company had offered weeks before.

A third reason for caution was the strained relationship between the AFL and the CIO. Baltimore abided the AFL, which early organized the city's garment industry, because it rarely struck and "knew its place"—much as Baltimoreans tolerated "good Negroes." But both the public and the AFL feared the not so well mannered CIO. The lack of coöperation between the two labor groups was illustrated by the dismal flop of a joint rally on the eve of President Truman's veto.

None the less, for the long haul, beyond recourse to improved contracts and the courts, labor in Baltimore was experimenting in something still new to it: joint political action. Despite a resolution of the city council to the contrary, every member of the state congressional delegation had voted to override the President's veto, and a Labor United Committee already was at work, as its chairman said, according to the dictates of Samuel Gompers, to elect its friends and defeat its enemies. Its first goal was the election on July 15 of police magistrate Edward A. Garmatz, an active member of the AFL Electrical Workers, to a vacant seat in the House of Representatives. This first time its chances were good, for Garmatz's district (the Third) lies within the city's industrial area. The future was something else again, for, warned one CIO leader, "The AFL and CIO are no more capable of working together in Baltimore today than they were in 1937."

The South

by Irving Beiman

BIRMINGHAM.—Throughout Alabama, the coal miners started their 10-day vacation with more on their minds than ball games or fishing. With over 90 percent of the state's pits idle, awaiting the miners' return July 7, the diggers themselves were talking bitterly about the Taft-Hartley Act and how they could undercut it and the congressmen who passed it.

The wildcat strikes that crackled through the South when the President's veto was overridden merged effortlessly into the miners' vacation. No one knew whether more unauthorized stoppages would follow the vacation period. Despite a great deal of grumbling and continued unofficial strike talk, it looked as if the miners would prefer to use "court and ballot-box tactics" to defeat the law rather than disorganized stoppages.

In general, miners in Birmingham seemed to feel that the law itself provided them with their best weapon of retaliation. In the opinion of local union lawyers it was shot through with inequities that would never get past a court test.

While miners in the "Pittsburgh of the South" calmly waited for tactical advice from their boss, John L., Southerners hoped but did not expect that the coal operators and the UMW would sign a new contract before the mine vacation ended.

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The New Labor Strategy

by Willard Shelton

THE one thing certain, now that the Taft-Hartley bill is law, is that labor unions have no intention of taking their legislative licking lying down. What they will do depends on many factors—the manner in which the law is administered, the trial-and-error effect of certain clauses and sections, the legal liabilities to which unions would be exposed by certain actions, the toughness of employers in trying to seize every advantage the law's intricacies give them. It is already obvious, however, that both employers and congressmen who stubbornly supported the law as a means of "doing something" about unions are in for great surprises.

That has been the history of Western democracy whenever a confused and inept legislature has tried statutory short cuts to industrial peace. The British Trades Union and Trade Disputes Act, passed by a Tory government after Britain was frightened by a general strike, was never effectively enforced. Australia's labor-courts system, set up as a substitute for collective bargaining, broke down in nearly every crisis. The Smith-Connally Act of 1943 did not stop unionism or strikes.

I DO not mean that unions, irritated by the Taft-Hartley Act, will engage in mass lawlessness in defiance of constituted authority, but they will show their self-respect as citizens by resisting in every legitimate way a statute they consider unjust. One technique of resistance will be to take advantage of every loophole and to capitalize on every section which union lawyers discover to contain concealed provisions of advantage to unions.

A first taste of this came in certain garment trades, when the law's abolition of the closed shop was circumvented in advance by the extension of existing closed-shop contracts for five years. A second taste is likely to come when employers with a long history of satisfactory closed-shop contracts quietly continue by "gentleman's agreements" to hire only union members. One of the senatorial architects of the law privately admits that he thinks this practice will be common.

ANOTHER technique of resistance—and a tremendously important one—will be an open challenge to every section of the law susceptible to assault on constitutional grounds. Does anyone imagine that unions will placidly accept any interpretation of the law prohibiting unions from political "expenditures" in the endorsement of political candidates in the labor press? Edward Keating, editor of the powerful organ of the railroad brotherhoods, *Labor,* promptly announced that he would continue to print political news and let the government try to send him to jail. Len DeCaux, editor of the *CIO News,* asked the American Newspaper Publishers' Association to join in resisting what is palpably an assault on the doctrine of a free press.

There is certain to be intensified general political action by unions bluntly defiant of the attempt of congressmen to protect themselves from retaliation by restricting such action. The smartest lawyers of the National Association of Manufacturers are not clever enough to devise constitutional clauses robbing American citizens of free assembly, free speech, petition for redress of grievances and militant democratic political action. New organizational forms may have to be set up by unions as lawful channels for political action, but these forms will be invented. Anyone interested could read the signs of the future when William Green, president of the traditionally non-partisan and only mildly political AFL, announced immediately after the bill's passage that the AFL would campaign for its repeal. When you campaign for repeal of a law, you inevitably campaign also against the congressmen who passed it.

Another attack on the Taft-Hartley Act is certain to be increased union reliance on its economic power—its ability to plague a "tough" employer with strikes, slowdowns and suddenly called union meetings.

There is still no law, and there can be no American law, forcing citizens to labor unwillingly for private employers. Experience with penalty clauses in United Mine Workers' contracts indicates that until mine operators "voluntarily" waive imposition of penalties, the union has a tendency to refuse to reach agreement on other issues.

How far unions will feel compelled to go in such directions in the future is strictly guesswork. Much depends on the capacity of employers to practise self-restraint and to realize that in employer-employee disputes there is no substitute for agreements voluntarily reached and mutually satisfactory.

THOSE were the considerations which experts had in mind when they warned that the result of the Taft-Hartley bill might be even greater strife and confusion. Had Congress heeded the earnest statements of such experts as former public members of the War Labor Board, it would not have passed a law the inevitable general effect of which will be to intensify agitation over labor-management relations.

Will the bill's enactment force the AFL and the CIO to drop their civil war and merge their strength at last for mutual self-defense? Not at once, probably, but it will certainly strengthen all forms of coöperation between the two federations, and successful experience in functional cooperation is the necessary base for eventual union.

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Henry Wallace

The One Course to Save the Democratic Party

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S veto of the Taft-Hartley labor bill has prolonged the life of the Democratic Party. Signing the bill would have brought immediate action by organized labor for the formation of a third party. But while the veto preserved a spark of life, the failure of the Democratic Senators to provide the 32 votes necessary to sustain the veto further weakened the party.

When they voted 20-to-22 against labor and when the Democratic Representatives in the House voted 106-to-71 against labor, they put the party's future in jeopardy.

The vote in the Senate demonstrates once again that the fight to save the Democratic Party must be won in the South. Eighteen of the 20 Democrats who voted against the President were Southerners. The other two were Hatch of New Mexico and Tydings of Maryland.

There were some liberal votes from the South. There are some great Democratic liberals in the South. The job ahead is to increase their ranks. In most Southern states the people are not expressing themselves freely at the polls because an outworn feudalism, subsidized from the North, uses outrageous election laws to perpetuate itself in power.

This feudal leadership, responsible for restrictions on suffrage, is driving at the 1948 Democratic convention. It aims to put the reactionaries of the South again in a position to exercise complete control over the Democratic Party. It will make an effort to reinstate the two-thirds rule in the convention. If the feudalists succeed in this, the Democratic Party will be dead and a new party will take its place.

A decade hence it is all too possible that we shall say: "The third party was conceived on the day the Southern Democrats voted to override the Taft-Hartley veto. It was born on the day the Southern reactionaries took over control of the party machinery at the National Democratic Convention in July of 1948."

If the Democratic Party is to be saved from extinction, as it most certainly can be, the AFL, the CIO and the railroad brotherhoods must join to organize, educate and politically activate the workers and the small farmers of the South.

The solution of the problems of Southern workers that is sought by the great labor organizations is directly dependent on solving the problems of the Southern farmer. Alert Southern liberals like those in the Southern Conference for Human Welfare know that there c never be prosperity in the South until industry expan and productivity on the small farm is increased. As lo as a man working on a small farm must sell his produ at a price that represents a return of less than 30 ce an hour, labor in the South will be in trouble.

Labor should coöperate with the Farmers' Union an organization striving resolutely to service the sm farmer and cultivate friendship with organized lab Labor cannot do the job alone. An alliance of lab the farmers and small business is necessary.

THE essential preliminary to changing the Soutl economy is political organization. Passage of the Ta Hartley bill should spur labor to intensified political tion. William Green, John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, A. Whitney and other labor leaders must strike back at on at the citadel of power which bids fair to ruin them.

The success of labor's organizing drives in the So and the intensity of its political-education work w determine the future of the Democratic Party. It w determine the future of the nation itself.

The opposition is capable, well organized and w financed. But it cannot withstand a united attack organized labor and its allies. A dynamic program, v orously implemented, can sweep aside the existing actionary machines in every state.

Labor's outstanding leaders could coöperate with revitalized Democratic National Committee to carry a wholesale cleanup. The time to clean house is now.

In 1945, James Byrnes, Harry Truman and I w together before Roosevelt's funeral. I mentioned t the one outstanding political disagreement I had h with Roosevelt was over the 1938 purge attempt, a that while I had felt I was right in questioning feasibility at the time, I was beginning to feel that had been right and that the issue was one which co not be avoided. Byrnes and Truman both believed t the purge was a mistake and that I had been right oppose it. The 1938 situation is debatable. Roosev may have been premature. But there is no question ab 1947. The forces of liberalism in the South have gro The Democratic Party's very existence is threatened. T man, as its head, must use the growing liberal forces replace those which have continually supported reacti

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When reactionaries cannot be beaten in clublike Democratic primaries, they should, wherever possible, have the opposition of independent Democrats running in the final elections.

Labor's spokesmen should call on the President to demonstrate the sincerity of his veto by taking leadership *now* to change the reactionary character of the Democratic Party in most Southern states. The rank and file of labor has not forgotten Truman's own call for repressive legislation at the time of the railroad strike a year ago. His Taft-Hartley veto is the first step in correcting that error. Positive political action now—in the South—can again win the workers' support.

I have too long heard prominent Democrats say, in defense of a reactionary position: "Labor has no place else to go."

Labor will find some place else to go unless the Democratic high command initiates prompt and powerful action to clean up its own house. It must start in the South. Every Democrat worthy of the name would support such vigorous action if the President would undertake it. H. W.

Report from Iowa

NORTH DAKOTA is a land of farmer-owned planes. About three percent of the farmers have their own planes; the North Dakota Farmers' Union has three, the best of which is a twin-engined Beechcraft with a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour, carrying a pilot, a navigator and five passengers. The North Dakota Farmers' Union, under the leadership of Glenn Talbott, is one of the most vital state-farm organizations in the nation. It has been growing rapidly because it stands, in a level-headed way, for the most progressive methods of serving the small farmer.

Talbott was going to a meeting of the directors of the Missouri Valley Association at Omaha, and so we got up at four in the morning, took off at 5:15, and at eight were in Des Moines. Everywhere in southeastern North Dakota and northeastern South Dakota, a large part of the land was under water. Undoubtedly the small-grain yields of the Dakotas have been reduced by the wet spring. Even in northwestern Iowa there were puddles standing in the fields.

As soon as I landed in Iowa I found, just as in North Dakota, that the most widespread subject of conversation was the freeze of the preceding week. Never had there been anything quite like it. About half the corn had been nipped just after it had come through the ground. Most of the remainder had been injured by torrential rains and cold weather following the freeze. I remember a similar but less serious situation in 1908. At that time the corn came on again, but it was so damaged as to cut the yield five or six bushels to the acre. This time I think the damage may have been as much as nine or ten bushels to the acre, but not the disaster which some of the pessimists predict. Cool weather the next few weeks, though, could have calamitous results for the corn belt and the world.

The tremendous corn yields of the great Middle West since 1940 have been one of the bright spots in the world food picture. So also have been the large spring-wheat yields of the Northwest. From 1920 to 1937 there was only one year with a decent spring-wheat yield. Since 1940, practically every year has been good and the average of the seven years has been far above any similar period in history. For the time being, both the Middle West and the Northwest have gotten away from excessive drought and heat. But the old-timers know that it will probably not be many years before the dust storms will come again. The question the farmers ask, therefore, is: How soon will the killing of the AAA by Congress bring disaster to them?

I SPENT two days driving over the state of Iowa, visiting with the farmers in the small towns. Everyone I talked with criticized Congress for killing the AAA, but everyone admitted that the farmers were rolling in money. They don't expect the same kind of situation as in 1921. They point to the local bank and say that the bank today has $3 million of deposits and only $180,000 of local loans, whereas back in 1920 it had $1.2 million of deposits and the same volume of loans. Moreover, today the mortgages are pretty well paid off, whereas in 1920 they were much larger than they had been prior to the war. Lots of money is for loan outside of the banks at 3.5-percent interest, or less. Government bonds, in some areas, are still selling almost as well as they did during the war. In every county in Iowa the leading farmers think that trouble is coming, and while they say the death of the AAA farm program was a tragedy, they don't believe the farmers generally will become indignant until low prices arrive.

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Vacations for Every Purse

by Hollis Alpert

Whether you're looking for rest, recreation or romance, your travel bureau will arrange it for you—though at inflated prices

To a man like Henry Bartels, who owns a partnership in a small travel bureau located in mid-town Manhattan, the people of this country seem constantly bound somewhere—judging at least by that minute segment of the population which enters his office on West Fifty-seventh Street. And since he earns his living out of the perennial urge in the human breast to seek what is often not available at home—whether it be rest or romance, fresh ocean breezes or cool mountain lakes—he wholeheartedly approves the fact that Americans are more furiously concerned with going places than ever before.

This time of year, like scores of other travel agents in large American cities, he finds himself hectically busy. In his small way, Bartels participates in a huge and ever growing industry. Travel and recreation were worth $6 billion in 1940, and he is one of those riding a boom which may soon send the figure above $10 billion a year. So it's a seller's market for him this year and probably for a few years to come, although he has a constant battle to get even a small percentage of reservations out of the clamorous travel grab bag. "In 1939 we had all the space we wanted," he explains, "and we had to look for the customer. This year we've got the customer and have to search for the space."

A real lack of facilities plagues Bartels and his customers. Airline expansion has helped some (although this form of travel is not yet very popular with vacationists), but railroads have been able to provide little new equipment, and oceangoing ship accommodation is not nearly so available as it was during prewar years. Nor have large, modern resort hotels sprung up to any extent during the last 20 years; depression curbed construction and the war put a halt to it completely. The vacation seeker is likely to find that he will spend his dollars in inflated quantities (prices are fully as high as last year's, and perhaps 50 percent above what they were in 1939) for facilities which haven't improved an iota since the stock-market crash.

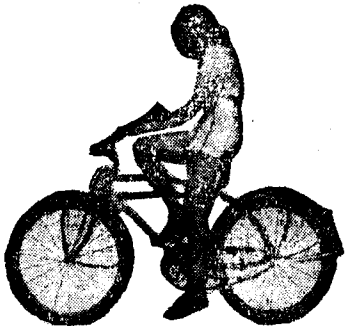
Demands now press with a record intensity upon these crowded facilities. Vacations which were denied to many Americans during the war are being sought out now. In 1940, only 25 percent of union members had vacation-with-pay clauses in their working contracts; more than 85 percent are now covered. Non-union members have benefited, too, by the custom of granting paid vacations and, all in all, some 35 million American working people now have them.

Bartels' daily work keeps him in an atmosphere of some of the most high-tensioned purple prose the mind of man has ever spewed forth. "Your dream fulfilled!" cries one of the travel folders on his desk, advertising Veradero Beach near Havana and going on to describe the blue skies, the gentle breezes "rippling the azure water as it softly caresses the palm-studded shore." As the prose heats up, it becomes rather bacchanalian in mood: "Nights of romance—thrill 'neath a tropical moon to the wild throbbing beat of the conga drums: —Arroz con Pollo—Morro-crab enchilades—Frozen Daiquiris—Cuba Libras. . . ."

Then, there's the dude-ranch folder that takes the tobacco-cud-in-cheek approach: "Pardner, here's a vacation you'll never forget!" But midway, a poetic feeling overcomes the writer and, although the folder carries it in prose form, it is obviously blank verse:

> Just picture miles and miles
> of finest bridle paths
> Nature's trails improved by man
> Awinding through forest and glen.

Bartels feels he sells happiness, or the promise of it, and he keeps himself happy doing it. A mild-mannered, quietly enthusiastic man of 35, he's equally at home with the intricacies of a complicated timetable and with the mind of a client who has time on his hands and no clear idea of how to spend it. Once he has found out how much his prospective traveler can pay, he can set the possibilities before him—each place, each destination, offering at least some approximation of the heart's desire.



At this season of the year it is the indefinite ones with one or two-week vacations who provide the largest chunk of his business; the greatest number of these are women. He has to be aware that the young stenographer who hesitantly asks if he knows of "some nice, friendly place in the mountains, not too far . . ." really wants a place where during the day she can display her charms in a bathing suit and during the evening show off a dearly purchased wardrobe and dance with some con-

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Hollis Alpert is a free-lance writer whose short stories have appeared in the New Yorker, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, Harper's *and* Cosmopolitan.

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genial partner who might just happen to be seeking a wife.

Bartels has no actual statistics on the conquests of his clients at the camps and resorts to which he sends them, although he remembers one recent season when about half a dozen women wrote or phoned to say discreetly that their vacations had been romantic successes. The girls almost always come to him in pairs, and leave in pairs. There is evidently something quite dreadful in a girl's going alone to a camp; but with a partner she can face the trial by fire with courage and serenity. Their ages will, in most cases, fall between 18 and 30. Beyond that, says Bartels, they've probably already gone through the mill and don't need his help.

For the more "innocent" ones he advises rustic camps where, at 10 in the evening, the lights go out and romance enters. But no matter where he may send them, they're bound to have some sort of struggle; the ratio of girls to men will run at least six to four and it is the prettiest and strongest-willed who prevail.

One young lady of 20, who has gone three summers in succession to camps of this kind, gives certain rules for success. "First spend your last cent for your wardrobe. Then attach yourself to a girl homelier than you, so you'll shine by comparison. Wear a bathing suit that is at the same time scanty and frilly, and don't be afraid to trip any decent man who goes past—it's one of the best ways of starting a conversation. Never, never stand alone in the dance hall; keep a fascinating conversation going with your (homely) girl friend. Don't be afraid to turn down the first man who nibbles. You're liable to be stuck with a lemon and miss out on the grand guy. If all else fails, grab the lemon."

Sophisticates and honeymooners

THERE'S another and distinct type of young woman who comes to Bartels; she may actually be no older than the "innocent," but he calls her the "sophisticate." When *she* comes in, she sits down with him at his desk, crosses her knees delicately, places a cigarette between her lips and waits for him to light it. "Now *tell* me . . ." she begins. This type must usually be sent to "glamor places" which resemble smart, well kept country clubs. They feature formal or semiformal dining and dancing in the evenings to the music of a good orchestra. The sophisticate is willing to spend more money on her vacation investment, and the most important part of her wardrobe will be evening clothes.

Oddly enough, Bartels seldom gets men in who are seeking places where they might meet members of the opposite sex. "They seem to know where to go and they know how to make their own arrangements."

Ever since coming into the agency, Bartels has found himself paternally looking after honeymooners. In fact, the bureau is listed as "honeymoon specialists" in the phone book. He is vastly fond of newly or about-to-be weds, and is glad to do all he can to start people off on the right path, in the travel sense at least. They come in greatest numbers during June and the summer season, although they provide all-year-round business as well.

He says you can tell them the moment they open the door. Their faces seem to light up. "Maybe it's the cheerful atmosphere we provide," Bartels said, pointing to the vivid travel posters on his office walls. He tries to break the ice at once, saying, "Thinking of a little honeymoon trip?"

He never misses, and they sit down with Bartels while he sees what he can work out for them. The average honeymoon budget will run around $200 and, with prices high, he can't do all he'd like to for them. They hopefully inquire about cruises to Bermuda, and he will gently turn their minds instead to entertaining the idea of a coastal trip to Virginia Beach. Others will simply ask for a quiet hotel in Atlantic City, or mumble in an embarrassed way about Niagara Falls.

But he feels it his duty to send them just as far as their budget will allow. "Look," he argues, "after you're married and settled, you'll probably pick near places for your vacations. You ought to try to make this first one different." One couple took his advice, gave up Atlantic City and sailed off, after Bartels got a last-minute cancellation for them, to the West Indies.

The honeymoon trip is usually a week, generally not more than two. But sometimes Bartels is given a four-week trip to arrange, and that's really a job. He likes to dig into those. "A flight to Savannah, train to Miami, boat trip to Havana, booking at the Nacional, and it's anyone's money how they want to come back." They probably don't even want to. But most necessarily must settle for a week at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec or a stay at Virginia Beach.

Most of his honeymooners go off according to plan, at least on the surface, and his mail often contains picture postcards sent by his couples. He knows by heart the Virginia Beach postcard scenes. Sometimes, though, complaints will come in. A desk clerk at a hotel was rude, the food was uneatable, late breakfasting was frowned upon and, most common of all, "The room had *twin beds!*"

"Packages" of happiness

THESE days the Bartels bureau finds itself in the midst of a heavy demand for cruises and land tours. It's still hard to provide ocean trips, although a few cruises are opening up, but he can satisfy some of his requests with combination land-and-water tours. He has a large listing of tours that provide rail, motor-coach and inland-river-steamer travel in prearranged "packages."

He gets most of his packages from wholesaler agencies which make up the

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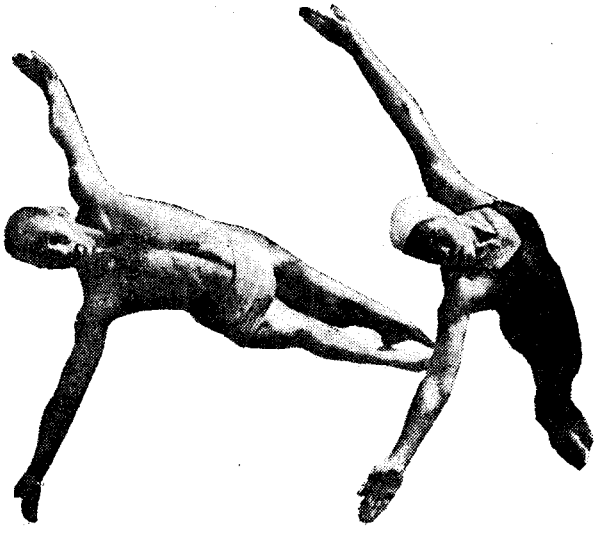


tours and sell them to "retailers" like himself. The very large agencies like Cook's and American Express are helpful in providing them. A typical package tour would provide rail travel to eastern Canada, hotels and sightseeing in Montreal, Toronto and Niagara Falls, a steamer trip on the Saint Lawrence and a motor-coach tour through the Adirondacks. All this can be done in six to eight days at a cost of a little more than $100 a person, and is presumably designed for those who want a solid dose of endless variety before returning to the sameness of their year-round existences.

"Gentleman's agreement"

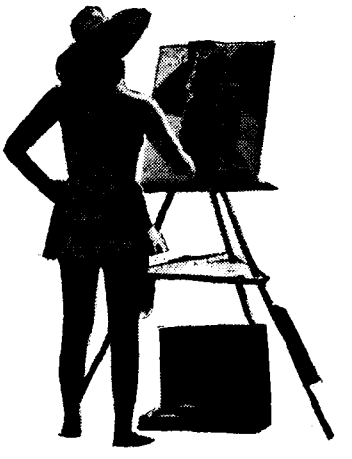
SOME wholesalers will provide these package tours only to what they term a "discriminating clientele." Such a state of affairs is a source of deep regret to Bartels. It tends to hurt his business, too, because many people who come to him are of Jewish birth and there are a great number of places he is cautioned against sending them. "But often," he finds, "they make sure to ask about 'restrictions' immediately and avoid like a plague the places that specialize in them." From his own experience, the largest amount of discrimination would seem to center in an area fairly close to New York—this in spite of a state law against discriminatory advertising.

Resort managers, he realizes, find it absurdly easy to get around that law, and the commonest dodge involves the advertising of "Protestant and Catholic churches nearby" among the description of the place's supposed "attractions." Bartels feels he must conform to the instructions of hotel and resort owners, else he'd lose a lot of his business. But the fact remains that the resort owners often depend largely on the travel bureaus to select their paying guests.

The problem for the Negro minority is much more serious. Jews can be sent to what are known in the travel agent's lexicon as "mixed places," but where can Negroes be sent? Practically all travel bureaus are utterly unable to deal with them. Bartels would like to see the end of all travel and recreation restrictions on religion and color, but he supposes it's still some generations off.

He finds surprising the number of restrictions that resort owners occasionally outline to him. Not only are minorities excluded, but age groups are specified and even children outlawed. One travel agent received a letter from a resort owner who asked him, "For God's sake, don't send any more *women* to me. I've got 400 here now, no men, and they've stolen away my last dishwasher."

Bartels believes, though, that right now many good buys in vacations are available. Although he thinks largely in terms of the problems of people in or near New York, he feels that similar conditions hold true for Mid-



Photos from European and Black Star

westerners and for West Coast dwellers. He thinks some of the lowest-priced and best vacations can be found at country farms and boarding houses near the large cities. No matter how congested an area a person may live in, he doesn't have to go far to reach the fresh air and changed environment he needs. Canada, for example, Bartels considers excellent. Lodging is reasonable, the food excellent and the traveler gets in addition a look at another country, one that has interest and charm.

Dude ranches offer fun for younger people at fairly low rates. Activities are usually well organized at such places, and prices don't go much above $50 a week per person.

Bartels considers Miami a good bet in the off-season months only. Rooms drop to one-third of what they cost during the fabulous winter season.

Worst buy, says Bartels, is Atlantic City. Accommodations are priced exorbitantly for the excessively crowded and noisy atmosphere offered. It's better, though, once the summer has passed.

One should tend to avoid the spots that try to make the entire year's income during summer months alone. Bartels would stay away from Cape Cod and choose instead a quiet Long Island or Jersey beach. There are still good, inexpensive beaches which the heavy crowds haven't yet discovered.

Cruises are a bad buy this year, because they're scarce and, for that reason, overpriced. They are overpublicized, too. He thinks that a tourist who has a penchant for ocean voyages should choose a tramp-steamer trip. Often, accommodations are surprisingly comfortable—and more than 100 lines, sending ships all over the world, have space for tourists.

The best time for taking a summer vacation, he advises, is June and September. Days are quite warm, nights cool and prices are 10 to 15 percent lower. You'll get better and less crowded service wherever you go, and reservations are easier to obtain.

During the summer months Bartels sends his wife and child off for a vacation on their own, while he works away at getting other vacationists off. He has the finest of all places selected for his family, but he won't divulge this perfect vacation spot. "Not cricket," he says

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Housing: Challenge and Failure

WHEN the great war ended, the sharpest challenge that faced Americans in their homeland was housing.

This challenge was compounded of many things. For 15 years, first a depression and then war had prevented enough new homes from being built. Hundreds of thousands of American families had drifted from the country to the huddled cities. The population had grown aboundingly. The veterans, 14 million of them, were pouring back to shape new families and seek new shelter.

Most of all, more Americans had more money than ever before—enough money to buy them a minimum decency in sunlight, plumbing, gardens, living space. Suddenly they discovered that America lacked, and had always lacked, enough minimum decencies in housing to satisfy all her people.

Government and industry met the crisis with a counteroffensive of promises. Trumpets and flourishes announced that a great building boom was about to begin. The shortage itself was converted into a promise. *Fortune* magazine, devoting an entire issue to housing, engagingly titled its leading article: "The Promise of the Shortage."

Today, almost two years after V-J Day, Americans live as cramped and crowded as they did when the armistice sounded. The building boom has gone bust with a dull thud. The challenge, at least for the present, has proved too great for the creative forces in America.

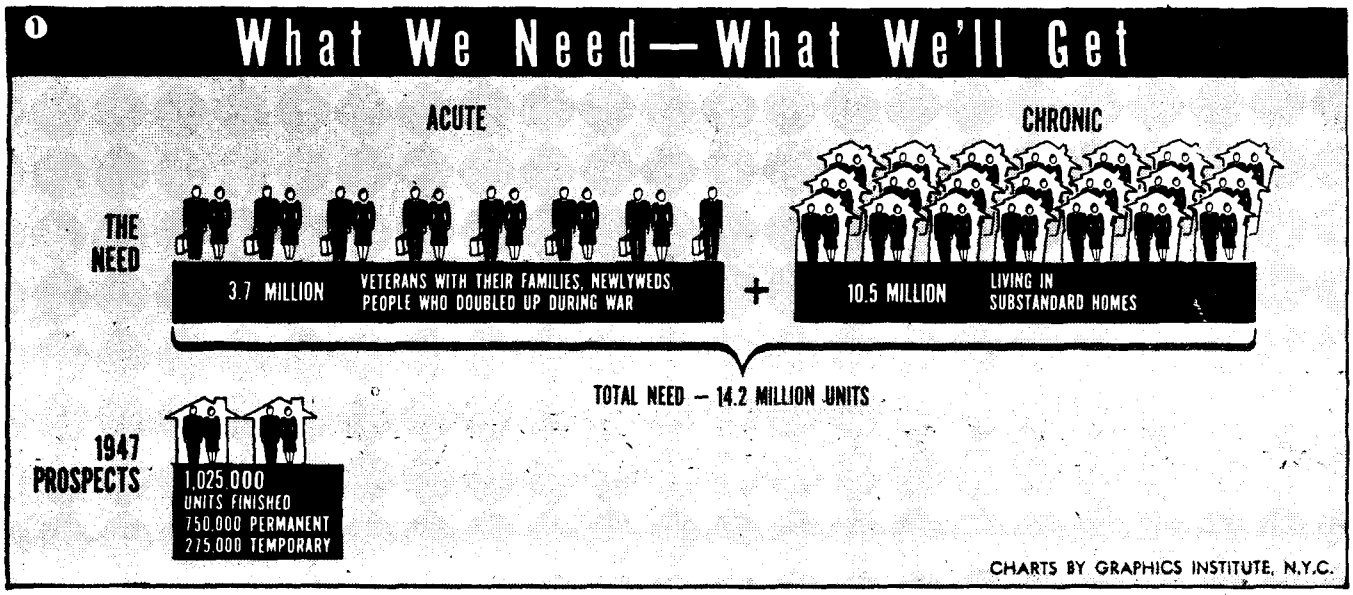
This failure is shared equally by industry, by labor, by government.

The most glaring failure has been that of industry. Housing—a medieval anarchy rather than a modern industry—had always blamed its backwardness on the uncertainty of its market. At the war's end, it had a vast, assured market and a historic opportunity to reorganize its methods. With one or two individual exceptions, its members kicked this opportunity away completely—clinging to the system of individual contracting and jerry-building procurement. Material suppliers often doubled their prices over prewar levels. In the first five months of this year material prices jumped 20 percent and profits outstripped price increases. Builders' profits doubled those of the previous year; profits of building-material producers almost tripled. The result? This May so many builders had priced themselves out of the market that only half as many contracts for homes were awarded as last May.

Labor failed almost as miserably. Building unions are as antique in their methods as the industry that employs them. A vigorous labor movement, thinking creatively, might by itself have forced industrial reorganization and put housing on a modern production basis, ensuring workers a stable annual income. Instead, the building unions clung to their ancient rules of apprenticeship, their resistance to time-saving improvements, and demanded higher wages—without offering higher production. Labor, too, helped price homes out of the market. On June 27, in New York City alone, there were more than 25,000 unemployed building workers.

The one member of the trio morally responsible and charged with breaking the stranglehold was the government. When the war ended, it set up a minimal housing program, appropriated $445 million to float it, and appointed Wilson W. Wyatt, an able citizen, to direct the campaign. It promised 1.2 million homes the first year, 1.5 million the second. Within nine months, the lobbyists and spokesmen of the real-estate industry had closed in and destroyed the government's program. Wyatt was forced out; the fine promises became yesterday's headlines. Unable to control or reorganize an industry that could not organize itself for service, the government, in effect, abdicated. This year we will have less than half the new homes we were promised.

In the following pages, the *New Republic* attempts to chart the areas of failure, and show you why the dream house that was promised you will remain a dream.



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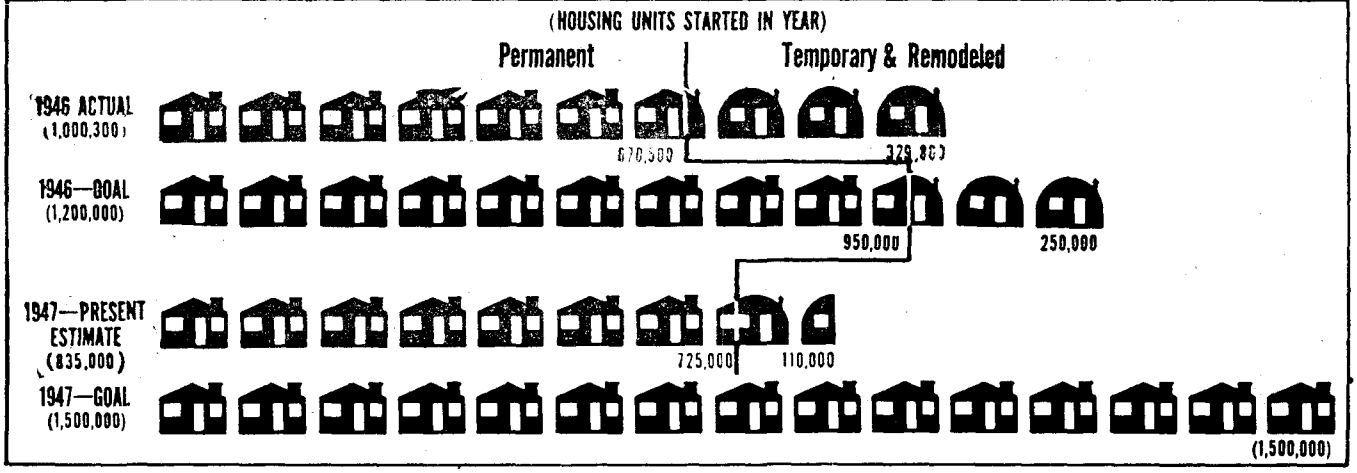
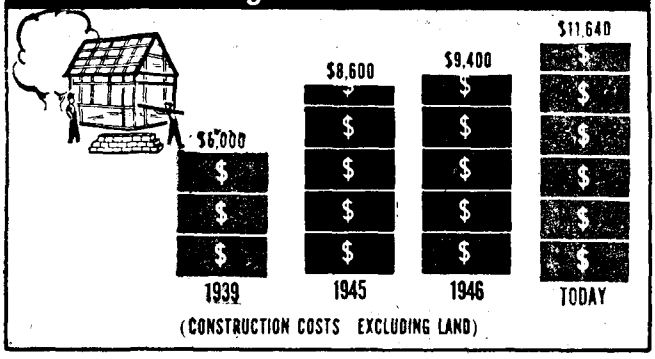
❷ The Postwar Housing Problem: Performance Vs. Goals



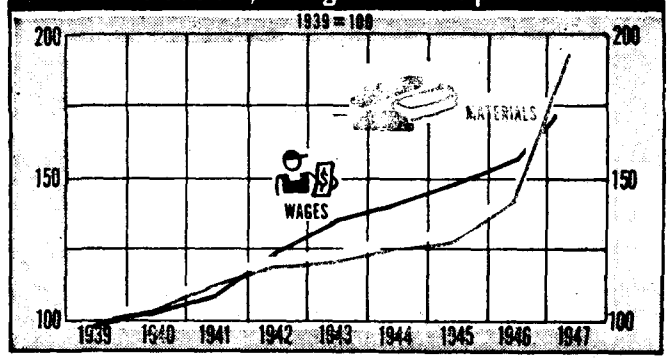
In 1946, said our government, we should have 1.2 million new homes, 1.5 million in 1947. We built one million in 1946. Then the boom faded. This year we will be lucky to add 835,000 units (55 percent of the goal) to our dwelling space.

❸ How Housing Costs Have Increased



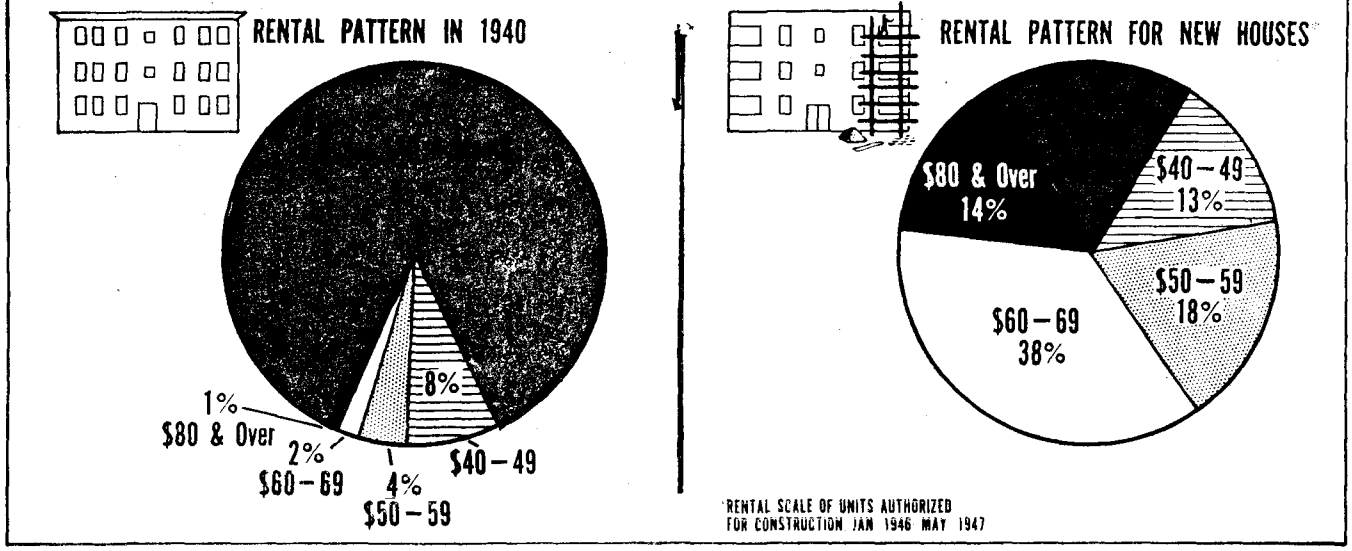
High prices killed the boom. A six-room house costing $6,000 in 1939 now costs $11,640. The vast majority of Americans have postponed their building plans.

❹ Prices, Wages Go Up



The story of high prices is the story of costs. This year, materials and labor cost almost twice their 1939 average; profit in the housing industry rose even faster.

❺ New Homes At High Rents



Two-thirds of our people cannot afford more than $50 a month for rent. In 1940, 93 percent of them found dwellings at that figure or less. But of the new construction, only 30 percent will rent for less than $50 a month.

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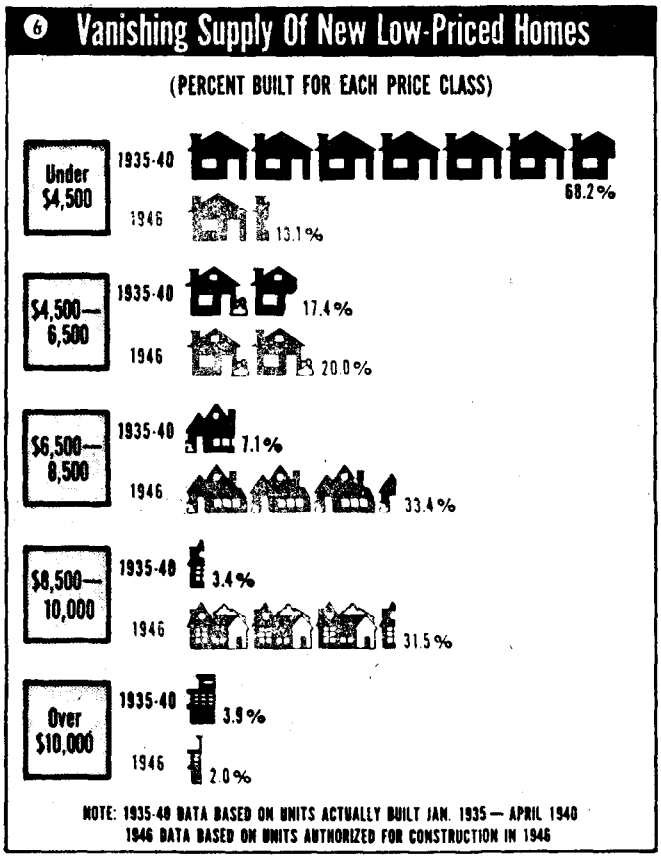
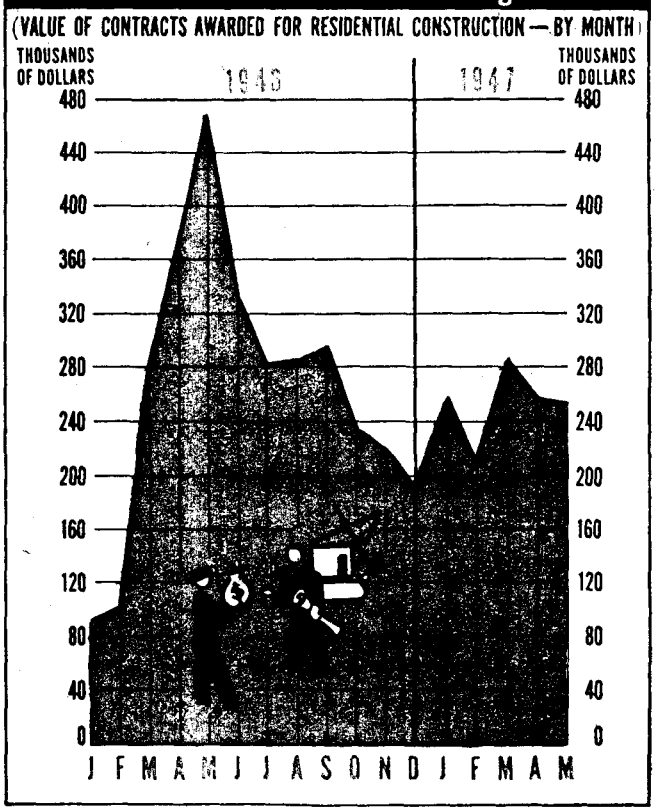
6 Vanishing Supply Of New Low-Priced Homes



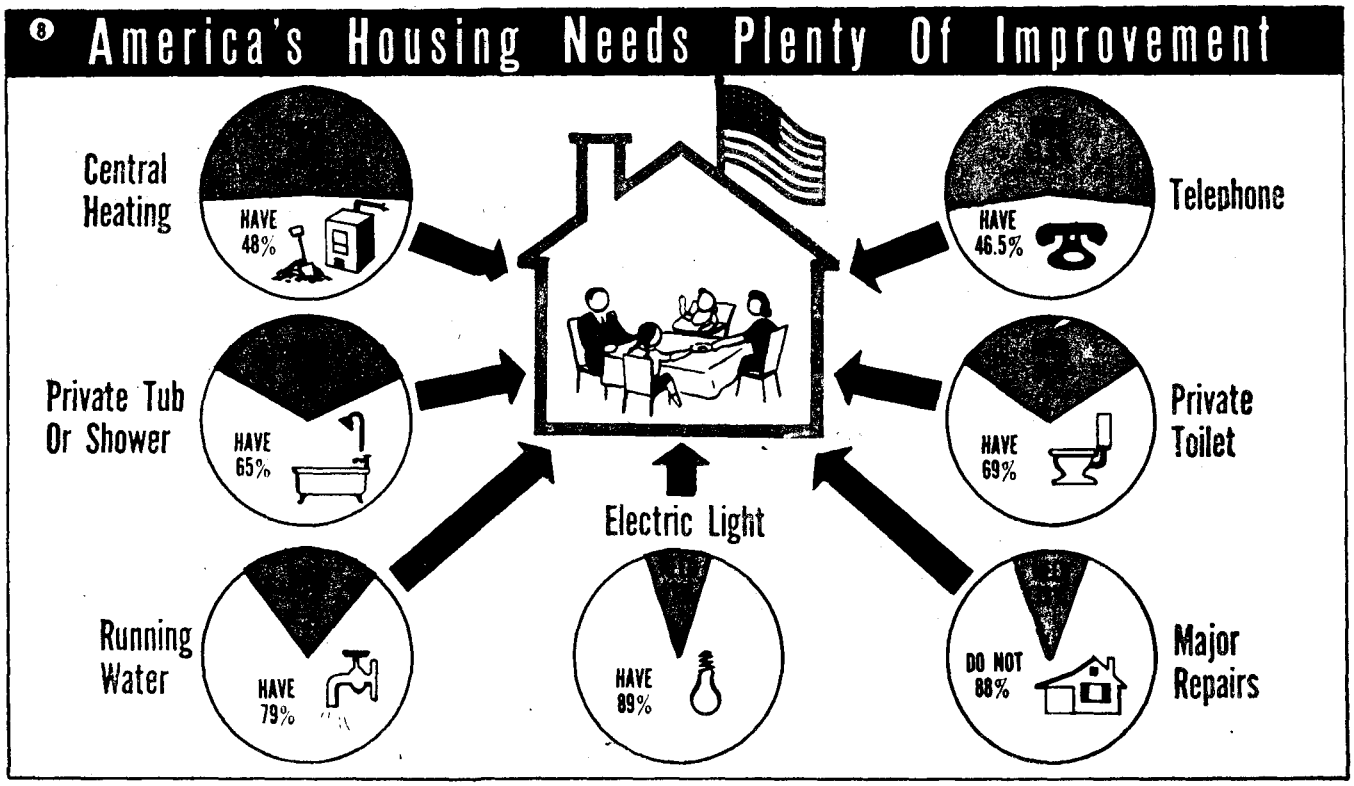
Last year, the government placed a $10,000 ceiling on new homes; homes under $4,500 comprised 68 percent of all construction in 1935. In 1946—13 percent!

7 Residential Construction Index: Going Down



This May, the value of contracts for future home-building was half that of last May. In a few months, construction will parallel this downtrend.

8 America's Housing Needs Plenty Of Improvement



We think of ourselves as the best-housed nation in the world. But our present housing falls well below the standards of our assumptions. Twenty-one percent of our homes have no running water, 11 percent no electricity, 31 percent no private toilets. More than half of our homes lack telephones and central heating.

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Something Fell Off the Plane

by Philip Gustafson

53 died when a 35-ton airliner suddenly dived into a Maryland swamp; assembled by CAB investigators, here are the pieces of the puzzle

IN all his years of flying, Bob Garrett had never seen it so clear along the East Coast. He turned the controls over to John Chamberlain in the co-pilot's seat and leaned back to enjoy the scenery. Baltimore, bathed in the golden late-afternoon sunlight, crept slowly past under the southbound plane, 4,000 feet below. Three miles ahead floated the silvery shape of a big four-engined DC-4 transport, drawing away little by little from Garrett's slower DC-3.

It was Memorial Day, and Garrett, a special investigator for the Civil Aeronautics Board, was flying a plane-load of specialists, investigators and officials of the board from New York to Washington. They had just set up an investigation at New York's LaGuardia Field into the United Airlines DC-4 crash of the day before which had taken the lives of 43 persons. One of Garrett's passengers was William K. Andrews, the J. Edgar Hoover of the CAB's plane-crash detectives and boss of the 22 investigators all over the United States who find out why planes crash and say what's to be done about it.

Garrett was watching Havre de Grace come up from the south, with the town of Bainbridge ahead. His watch said 6:45. There would be more than another hour of sunlight. He wished he had brought his camera. Then, suddenly, he felt a rude punch on his arm. Urgently, his face set, co-pilot Chamberlain was pointing forward. Glancing quickly ahead, Garrett saw the big DC-4 streaking earthward in a vertical dive. While the two watched in frozen silence, the big plane kept dropping—3,000 . . . 2,000 . . . 1,000 feet. "It seemed forever falling," Garrett said later. Then it hit. There was a puff of white smoke, a flash of orange flame and then billowing clouds of black.

Garrett shuddered, took over the controls and headed down. He circled the wreck, which was now giving off a dirty-gray plume of smoke, and pin-pointed it on his map. Chamberlain, at the radio, was notifying the control tower at Washington to ring the wreck with a guard of police. Now chief CAB investigator Andrews was standing at their side, quietly taking over. Reinforced by his plane-load of experts—enough trained personnel to launch an investigation on the spot—he would land on the Army's Phillips Field at nearby Aberdeen and head for the crash from there. It was as if the military chiefs-of-staff had been cruising along in some *Sacred Cow* and suddenly came upon a war.

Confused by Chamberlain's emergency message to Washington, which they had picked up, the control-tower operators at Phillips had concluded that the CAB plane was the one in trouble, and came through with a bright red fire wagon which rode screaming along the airstrip as Garrett settled down. Andrews commandeered the fire wagon and all set off for the crash, siren wide open.

When they got there 50 minutes later, the fire, fed by hundreds of gallons of gas, had almost burned itself out. Clifton Jackson, a truck driver from the Baltimore Oil Company, had been one of the first to arrive.

"It was awful," he said. "Everything was very still. Only the crackling of the flames could be heard as they licked at this spot and that. Everyone must have been killed instantly."

It was to be a week before anyone could work for more than two or three hours around the wreck for the sickening smell of burned flesh. Wreckage and bodies were scattered over a hundred thousand square yards of thickly wooded swampland in what is known as Whittaker's Woods, three miles from Havre de Grace. Debris was spread so widely that not even hundreds of sailors from the nearby Bainbridge Naval Training Center could keep the morbid souvenir hunters from walking off with some of the investigators' clues. As it turned out, the souvenir hunters almost stymied the inquiry.

Gay bits of clothing hung from the trees. Almost everyone in the plane—Eastern Airlines' non-stop Florida-bound Flight 605—had been heading for a vacation in the South. Witnesses from the Naval Center said the big plane had turned over on its back near the end of its dive and come roaring in upside down. The bodies of many passengers were found with their arms over their heads, as if the victims had been trying to fend off the ceiling. Forty-nine passengers and four crew members had been killed in this, the nation's worst commercial aviation disaster.

70,000-pound dive bomber

WHAT had caused the crash? Why had this 70,000-pound transport suddenly turned dive bomber and committed mass suicide with its 53 occupants in the swamps of Whittaker's Woods? Had there been some slip of the pilot, careful Bill Coney, an airline veteran who had been entrusted with the test-flight command of the world's largest flying boat, the Navy Mars? Had

Philip Gustafson is a free-lance writer who has written on aviation and general subjects for the Saturday Evening Post, *the* American, This Week, Liberty *and other magazines.*

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there been faulty maintenance? Had there been something wrong with the wrecked airplane? If so, how about other planes of the same type? Would another of these crack up the next day? Should all DC-4's be grounded at once, as the Lockheed Constellations had been a few months before? It was vital to find out immediately. Bill Andrews and his CAB investigators were about to lose some sleep. The chief hopped back to Washington and began calling in his men. The first of them were on the job the next morning.

Now, a full-dress CAB investigation —probably because airplanes themselves are so complicated—can make one of Scotland Yard's worst brain twisters look like a page out of *McGuffey's First Reader*. Packs of technical bloodhounds run special investigations in all directions. They check up on the life history of pilot and co-pilot. They scrutinize flight records. They pore over the medical reports of all the members of the crew.

Special technical hawkshaws go to work on the plane. They trace the intimate details of its structure all the way back to the first factory assembly. They wolf over months of back overhaul reports. They leaf eagerly through pilot "squawk sheets," on which fliers make note of any little miss or sputter heard in the air.

Sherlock Holmeses of meteorology check back into the clouds, the visibility or any little breath of air that may have blown on the airplane in its fatal flight. Still other special sleuths grab the operations manual and check up on the airline. Then there are those who read all the plane's radio messages, those who poke into its log and those who ride herd on all movements of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which supervises the airlines.

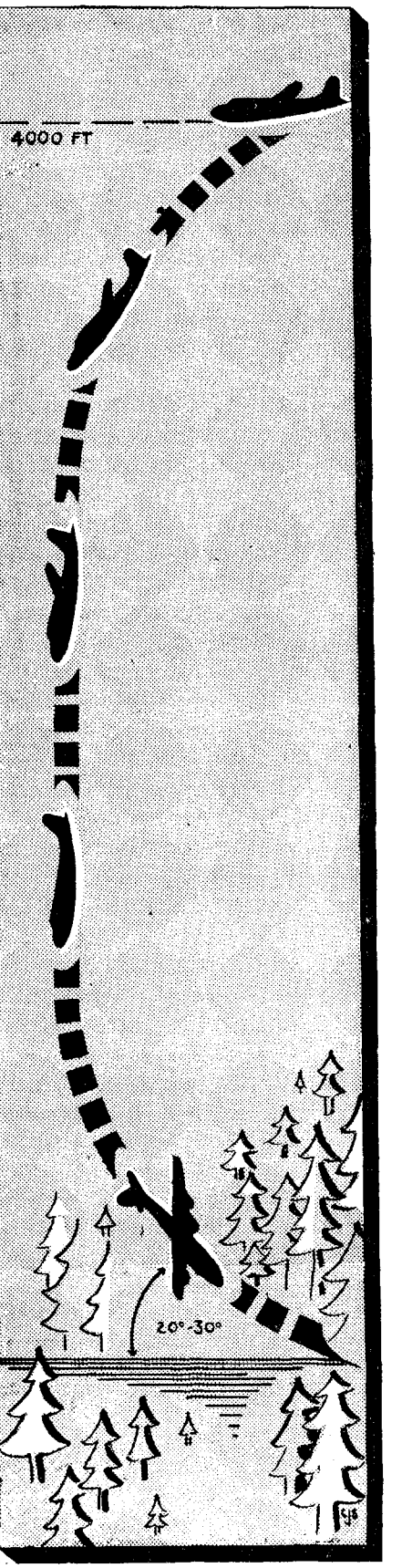
Teams of crash detectives

NINE CAB investigators covered the Bainbridge crash. Fifty-one pilots and engineers helped them. These 51 were specialists representing the airline; the manufacturers of the plane, its engines and its propellers; the Airline Pilots' Association and the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Manufacturers, airlines, pilots and CAA operatives work in teams and serve as a check on each other. They dig like prairie dogs to help the CAB find the cause of the accident and the interests they represent go to great lengths to help correct a fault.

Most of these 60 specialists worked in one of four teams, with a few operating free-lance. The coördinator of the whole force was stocky, businesslike Bob Chrisp, accident-investigation attorney of the CAB's Washington headquarters. All of the plane's four great power plants—each one as complicated as a ship's turbine—were pulled down into hundreds of thousands of small pieces by engine specialists under wiry, serious-minded Ernie Townsend, who is never able to work on a case without getting his hands on an engine and taking it apart himself. All sections of the aircraft were gone over with a fine-tooth comb by team members working under Syd Berman, of Washington, a small, dark and intense aircraft expert, who will worry a little piece of metal with laboratory tests for months until it gives up its secret. Investigators Augustus Leazar, of Atlanta, and H. G. Myers, of Washington, headed up the other two teams, both of which were commissioned to interview 60 witnesses who had watched the movements of the distressed aircraft.

Thousands of dollars and days of grubbing were saved because Garrett and Chamberlain, in the CAB plane, had seen the big transport go down. Their testimony could short cut this urgent trouble-hunt by deferring investigation on several possible causes of the crash: weather, collision with another plane, fire, engine failure. It looked to them, they said, as if something had gone wrong in the tail section.

Normally, a pilot steers a plane into a dive by lowering the horizontal "flippers," or elevators, attached to the rear edge of the horizontal tail surface. When these elevators are turned down, as a bird might lower its tail feathers, the air is arrested underneath, the plane's tail is lifted and its nose turns down. If the elevator controls, hinges, fixtures or fabric—any one of them—had failed, an elevator might sooner or later have disintegrated. Hence, the investigators



OUT OF CONTROL, THE DC-4 DIVED, DESCRIBED ALMOST HALF AN OUTSIDE LOOP, AND CRASHED

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were on the alert for any signs of such parts that might have fallen off at some distance from the wreckage.

Looping to death

DOZENS of witnesses bore out what Garrett and Chamberlain had seen from the air: that the Eastern DC-4 had started a slanting dive from about 4,000 feet. However, the witnesses on the scene could see what Garrett and Chamberlain could not—that the big plane had halfway completed the rare maneuver known as an outside loop. That is, it had started down in a long, arching dive, which finally became vertical, had gone over on its back and, half-completing a circle, had struck the ground upside down. It was important to confirm the exact nature of this aerodynamic maneuver and, since witnesses are notoriously unreliable, the investigators set about gathering information by scientific means.

From the way the trees were broken down, they concluded that the plane had hit at an angle of 28 to 30 degrees with the horizontal. They made a scale model of the area over which the wreckage was spread—825 feet long and half again as wide—and plotted in the points at which all the pieces were found. From this chart, the plane-crash detectives were able to conclude beyond a shadow of a doubt that the big plane had come in on its back.

The investigators even went so far as to check the reliability of all the main witnesses. The ten most important they took out in the woods and stood up at the points from which they had seen the plane go down. Beside every witness was a qualified expert. Now one of the board's DC-3's retraced the flight path of the wrecked plane—at 6,000, then 5,000, 4,000 and 3,000 feet. It even simulated a dive. From the way the witnesses described its behavior, the investigators rated their accuracy. All ten came through with flying colors.

Eighteen witnesses said they had seen something fall off the plane. Sixteen said it came from the tail. Seventeen said it fluttered. Now here was a clue to bear out the supposition that part of the horizontal tail surface might have crumbled and fallen off in the last stages of the dive.

Then Berman reported to Chrisp that ten pieces of the tail assembly had been found a quarter of a mile back on the path of the wrecked plane. Here was the material evidence of a failure in the tail that the investigators had been seeking. Now the complete tail assembly must be put back together, Berman said, to see exactly what had happened. This meant that the whole area would have to be searched for parts—needles in a haystack in that great swampy woodland.

Nothing daunted, Chrisp requisitioned 50 sailors from the Bainbridge commandant and turned this whole naval task force over to Myers of Team No. 4 with orders to comb the woods. Myers placed his men ten feet apart and, nose to ground, they paced off an area a mile square for three days and turned up all but two of the vital tail parts. These were the outer hinge on the left stabilizer and a small bracket to which it had been attached.

These, the investigators reasoned, were no doubt in the hands of their old pals, the souvenir hunters. Chrisp resolved to get them back if he had to call in the Maryland State Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He very nearly had to.

At Chrisp's request, all the radio stations and newspapers in that part of the country appealed to the better natures of the souvenir collectors and asked them to bring back the parts they had so thoughtlessly walked off with. Pastors of all denominations made the same appeal from their pulpits. Chrisp visited all the nearby schools and put it up to the pupils. And to help him get action, the Douglas Aircraft Company offered $100 reward for the return of each of the two missing pieces.

In a few days, his efforts began to bear fruit, some of a queer variety. Parts—most of them non-essential—began to find their way back through the mails, through the state police and through the churches. Children informed on parents and anonymous letters came in to the newspapers telling tales on the neighbors. But then, on June 9, ten days after the crash, the missing hinge and bracket appeared. They had been turned in to the state police by a farmer in Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania, 20 miles up the Susquehanna.

Microscoping metal

NOW, with the important parts of the tail assembly put back in their places again, Berman shipped most of them off to Washington for exhaustive scientific tests at the Bureau of Standards. The bureau is to the plane-crash detectives what ballistics experts are to the homicide squad. They dip tired metals in acid and discover fatigue points. They put broken parts through microscopic tests to find whether they were twisted or pulled asunder. They have even been known to go into harmonics and nab aircraft gremlins that

The 1947 Score to Date

Scheduled flights of US airlines only

Jan. 12: Eastern Airlines DC-3 flew into mountain ridge near Galax, Virginia, killing 18 of 19 aboard. Pilot's last radio message indicated his position estimate was 65 miles in error.

May 29: United Airlines DC-4 crashed on take-off from LaGuardia Field, New York, killing 43 of 48 aboard. Pilot testified plane refused to respond to controls, but no mechanical defect was found.

May 30: Eastern Airlines DC-4 dived into Maryland swamp, killing all 53 aboard. Tail-structure weakness apparently at fault.

June 13: Capital Airlines DC-4 flew into mountain peak near Charles Town, West Virginia, killing all 50 aboard. Initial investigation suggested that "Evidence points to pilot error."

IN ADDITION to the above domestic accidents, a Pan-American World Airways Constellation crashed on June 19 during an attempted forced landing in eastern Syria, killing 14 of the 36 aboard. Pilot had reported one engine on fire; no other evidence has been released.

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have set metals vibrating against themselves until they just shake to pieces.

When the last of the investigators left Bainbridge on June 17, the exact reason for the crash was still a mystery. They knew there had been a failure in the horizontal tail surface, but, according to Andrews, they didn't know why. Long before this, however, the Douglas Company had found out enough to take precautionary measures. Its representatives at Bainbridge sent out a telegram to all commercial operators of DC-4's, domestic and foreign, Army and Navy, as well as CAB and Douglas representatives everywhere. The message recommended inspection of all hinges, brackets and other fittings on the whole tail assembly of all DC-4 aircraft. So far, no common structural defect has been reported. Further action awaits hearings in New York soon.

Radical safety measures

IN CASES where a structural defect *is* found, the CAB may recommend radical revisions in the whole aircraft. When Constellations were grounded recently for 30 days because of defective wiring, some 50 improvements were made before the planes flew again. Or the CAB members may call for changes in operating methods. Minimum altitudes at which airliners may fly over mountains were raised last year after one of American's transports crashed on Thing Mountain because of strong downdrafts on the east side of the ridge. Or again, the board may advise the overhaul of all maintenance procedures, as it did after a faulty hook-up of the altimeters cracked up a Constellation at Shannon, Eire, last December. It even recommends studies leading to new equipment, such as a radio altimeter to warn planes off mountains. Its wishes are passed along to the CAA, which puts them into execution. Airlines, manufacturers, pilots or even the CAA itself may feel the hand of correction.

Though the basic pattern of accident inquiries must always be pretty much the same, it remains to be seen how the current campaign to cut down air fatalities will affect the CAB's air-crash-investigating machinery. Several congressional groups are at work, but the main line of attack is being conducted by CAB chairman James M. Landis and his Special Board of Inquiry for Air Safety, named earlier in the month by President Truman himself after three disastrous airline crashes killed 146 persons in three weeks.

Criticizing the critics

AMONG other things, say political observers of the aviation picture, the present campaign is likely to hasten a pending overhaul of Federal Air Safety regulations, speed up research to perfect all-weather flying and lead to more intensive inquiries into every important airline crash. Because of its urgency, the Bainbridge inquiry has been, to date, one of the most intensive.

One congressional critic of the CAB and its place in the air-safety picture is Representative Carl Hinshaw (R, Calif.), House aviation expert and chairman of a subcommittee itself investigating air safety.

"Inquiries should find all possible causes for the accident," he told me, "including those arising from faulty regulations, over-regulation or the lack of consideration for the better facilities needed by larger aircraft. It is easy to prove some measure of pilot error for about every accident, but if the pilot is acting within regulations and if the facilities are adequate, how much of the blame can be attached to him? And certainly the accident-investigating authority should not be in a position where it must investigate its own actions."

With the pressure on and charges flying around in the air, some of them are bound to hit the accident investigators themselves. Airline officials and engineers on the whole give them credit for doing a good job under the circumstances, but the airplane G-men also have their critics. Some say they don't put in enough time on the crashes and don't cover enough of them. Friends of the force say the investigators would like to give more to their cases but, with only 22 men to cover all the accidents to American flag carriers, there just aren't enough hours in the day. Twenty-two was precisely the number operating in 1943, these friends point out, when only three million passengers flew the airways, compared with last year's 12 million.

Spokesmen for the Air Line Pilots' Association say the CAB makes entirely too many findings of pilot error. About 70 percent of all accidents are charged off to this cause. Larger and faster airplanes are becoming so complicated to operate, some of the fliers point out, that the rule-makers could make better use of their time by simplifying and standardizing some of the controls and procedures. With every crash inquiry producing new regulations, the fliers complain about the volume and complexity of those already on the books. Pilots point out that they carry around about 25 pounds of regulations as it is and need a Philadelphia lawyer in the flight crew to translate all the "gobble-de-gook." It would be safer, some of the pilots contend, to put more authority in the cockpit.

Budgeting for danger

COMMERCIAL operators and government aviation agencies are extending themselves to cut down fatalities, realistic policy-makers have pointed out, for financial as well as humanitarian reasons. Commercial aviation is at a critical stage in its development, they explain, where continued confidence is necessary to keep it out of the red. In the first six months of 1947, 164 fatalities have occurred on scheduled domestic airline flights, a figure more than twice the total for all of 1946. Passenger miles flown have also increased, but only one-sixth over the same period last year.

In the face of this challenge to the aviation industry and its regulators, the economy-minded House of Representatives voted a 25-percent reduction of the $3,340,000 requested by the CAB for the fiscal year beginning July 1. The Senate Appropriations Committee, perhaps influenced by this spring's concentration of serious crashes, restored all but $240,000 of the CAB's original request. Final congressional action on the appropriation has still to be taken, but it would seem a poor time to be cutting any budget that applies so directly to human safety.

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Books in Review

Comic-Strip Dictator

BEND SINISTER, by Vladimir Nabokov (Henry Holt and Company; $2.75).

THE story of the free man under the totalitarian state is still the classic tragedy of our age, and in *Bend Sinister* it is given striking and original treatment, at once impressive, powerful and oddly exasperating. This second novel in English by Vladimir Nabokov, an American citizen of Russian birth, a sardonic tale of an intellectual who scorned his nation's tyrant, has an eerie, nightmare quality and savage humor. They combine to make it considerably more than the warmed-over Arthur Koestler it occasionally seems on the verge of becoming. *Bend Sinister* is written with a fluency which usually belies its author's comparative unfamiliarity with the language, but its chief fault is that an apparent fascination with his own linguistic achievement sometimes causes Nabokov to go in for verbal fanciness.

As a dramatic fantasy of totalitarianism, *Bend Sinister* is both simple and elaborate. It is simple in its tragic story, which is merely that of a world-famous philosopher—and it is one of the novel's successes that Nabokov has drawn, in Professor Krug, an intellectual hero whose status as an intellectual is completely credible—who is firmly convinced that his combination of international fame and moral courage will protect him against the outrages of the police state. It is elaborate both in much of its style and in the manner in which Nabokov has constructed an abstract, totalitarian land which is both Russian and German in its language but decidely more National Socialist than Communist in its history, theory and practice. I cannot, by the way, resist quoting just one sentence to show the author's prose at its worst, after warning you that he is not often guilty of such things:

> They separated and he caught a glimpse of her pale, dark-eyed, not very pretty face with its glistening lips as she slipped under his door-holding arm and after one backward glance from the first landing ran upstairs trailing her wrap with all its constellations—Cepheus and Cassiopeia in their eternal bliss, and the dazzling tear of Capella, and Polaris the snowflake on the grizzly fur of the Cub, and the swooning galaxies—those mirrors of infinite space *qui m'effrayent, Blaise,* as they did you, and where Olga is not, but where mythology stretches strong circus nets, lest thought, in its ill fitting tights, should break its old neck instead of rebouncing with a hep and a hop—hopping down again into this urine-soaked dust to take that short run with the half pirouette in the middle and display the extreme simplicity of heaven in the acrobat's amphiphorical gesture, the candidly open hands that start a brief shower of applause while he walks backwards and then, reverting to virile manners, catches the little blue handkerchief, which his muscular flying mate, after her own exertions, takes from her heaving hot bosom—heaving more than her smile suggests—and tosses to him, so that he may wipe the palms of his aching weakening hands.

NABOKOV's police state is considerably less complex than that. Its leader is one Paduk, who was known as "The Toad" in his school days, when he was the butt of his classmates. Even in those days, when one of his worst tormenters was the young Krug—although Paduk seemed to get a masochistic joy from Krug's badgering—he was surrounded by a group of the school's physical and mental misfits. The Toad, it seems, became the disciple of an eccentric old theorist named Skotoma, who, 85, senile and forgotten, preached the doctrine that there was "a certain computable amount of human consciousness distributed throughout the population of the world," and that in the inequality of its distribution lay the evils of the world. Paduk took possession of this theory, called "Ekwilism," and made it the basis of a national movement which proclaimed that social and economic equality were nothing without an equality of consciousness. This was to be achieved by enforcing spiritual and mental uniformity upon his native land "through the medium of the most standardized section of the inhabitants, namely, the Army, under the supervision of a bloated and dangerously divine state."

Ekwilism was probably the only triumphant fascist movement that had a comic strip as one of its chief inspirations. This was a daily cartoon dealing with the adventures of a Mr. and Mrs. Etermon, a name which in the language of Paduk's country meant Everyman. "With conventional humor and sympathy bordering upon the obscene," says Nabokov, "Mr. Etermon and the little woman were followed from parlor to kitchen and from garden to garret through all the mentionable stages of their daily existence, which, despite the presence of cozy armchairs and all sorts of electric thingumbobs and one thing-in-itself (a car), did not differ essentially from the life of a Neanderthal couple. "Not only did Etermon come to be regarded as representing the proper sort of existence for a loyal member of Paduk's Ekwilist Party, but the Leader himself decided to dress, wear his hair and adopt a "sort of cartoon angularity" in the fashion of the comic strip. This strip goes much further in conservatism than even the American comic serial, "Little Orphan Annie."

IT appears that Ekwilism had its drama as well as its comic strip. One of the most interesting parts of the novel describes how the Paduk government decided to put on a production of "Hamlet" based on the idea that the real hero of the play, whatever Shakespeare may have thought, was not Hamlet at all, but Fortinbras, "a blooming young knight, beautiful and sound to the core." In the immortal words of Professor Hamm, Ekwilist author of *The Real Plot of Hamlet*, Fortinbras'

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status as hero is thus made irrefutable: "With God's sanction, this fine Nordic youth assumes control of miserable Denmark which had been so criminally misruled by degenerate King Hamlet and Judeo-Latin Claudius." In this production the famous Elsinore ghost is not the phantom of Hamlet's father but of Fortinbras' father, and the idea of one ghost going about pretending to be another is a fine piece of Ekwilist strategy, since the ghostly imposter was spreading untrue rumors to soften the Danish morale. Professor Hamm felt this was a particulary skillful bit of farseeing politics that was bound to excite the spectator's admiration and to restrict his thoughts to acceptable channels.

Among the achievements of the Ekwilist "Hamlet" was the splendid way in which it rescued another unappreciated Shakespearean hero from decadent democratic slander. Osric, the courtier who arranged the duel between Hamlet and Laertes, has always been maligned by actors who failed to appreciate his proper importance and libelously played him as if he were an effeminate clown. It just goes to show how little we know about our greatest playwright. After Professor Hamm has explained everything, it is clear that Osric was really Fortinbras' most brilliant spy, bent on creating trouble between two of his Leader's most dangerous foes. Indeed, it appears that the followers of the great Paduk did nobly by the classical drama, but Nabokov neglects to tell us how the dramatic critics of the Ekwilist state greeted the production. It is to be hoped that their party discipline made them kinder to it than the Moscow critics were to the fascinating production of "Hamlet" put on at the Vakhtanghov Theatre in 1932, in which the Prince was a sly young fellow plotting to be king and Ophelia an ambitious girl who unfortunately was drowned while singing drunkenly about rosemary and rue.

NABOKOV is at his best in his bitterly humorous thrusts at the narrowness and stupidity of totalitarian thought and action and in his flights of satirical scorn. His scenes of horror, with their eerily distorted lights and shadows, can also be powerful, and his account of the slow, inexorable pressure exerted on Krug captures the terror of the police state in a manner not easy to forget. Then, after his friends have been dragged off to prison as warnings, when the philosopher's son has been taken from him, tortured and then killed by mistake just as Krug offers to give in, an atmosphere of pity and terror is created with shocking forcefulness. It is because Nabokov can achieve some of the ominous and comic effects he manages in *Bend Sinister* that his puckish weakness for affectation seems so outrageous. RICHARD WATTS JR.

BOOK CLUB SELECTIONS FOR JULY

BOOK FIND CLUB. *The Wind That Shakes the Barley,* by James Burke. A historical novel, with no great virtues or defects, based on the life of Robert Burns.

BOOK LEAGUE. *Madman's Memory,* by Roger Vercel. "A prodigious allowance of madness, seduction, suicide, incest and terror . . . deftly controlled." – The *New Republic* for April 14.

BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB. *The Story of Mrs. Murphy,* by Natalie Anderson Scott. "A detailed . . . study of the ravages of acute alcoholism . . . a realistic novel of power and credibility." – The *New Republic* for June 30.

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB. *The Strumpet Wind,* by Gordon Merrick. A rather good first novel about the moral dilemma facing an American intelligence officer who must betray a collaborationist he likes.

FAMILY READING CLUB. *The Treasures of the Kingdom,* edited by T. Everett Harré. An anthology of religious stories, many of them rather sticky.

LITERARY GUILD. *Give Us Our Dream,* by Arthemise Goertz. A coarse, well meaning novel about a coarse, well meaning busybody and her neighbors in Sunnyside, Long Island.

NON-FICTION BOOK CLUB. *Home Country,* by Ernie Pyle. A collection of prewar articles about America by the GI's favorite war reporter.

PEOPLE'S BOOK CLUB. *Vain Shadow,* by Hartzell Spence. A fictionalized biography of Francisco Orellana, the first man to navigate the Amazon, which should appeal to the small boys among the grownups.

PROGRESSIVE BOOK CLUB. *How It Happens,* by Pearl Buck and Erna von Pustau. An interesting account of what happened to an average middle-class German family from before the First World War until 1933, told as a series of conversations between Pearl Buck and Erna von Pustau, the only member of that family who was anti-Nazi. The dividend book is *Casualty,* by Robert Lowry, a mercifully short war novel, whose hero is a bright young soldier who regards the war as a conspiracy against him.

Fiction Chronicle

FINE TOOTH COMB, by Paul (Doubleday and Company; $2.75).

THE GALLERY, by John Horne Burns (Harper and Brothers; $3).

AMERICANS ONE AND ALL, edited by Harry Shaw and Ruth Davis (Harper and Brothers; $3.50).

THOUGH essentially dissimilar, the first two novels listed above are analogous in that both are rather extreme examples of an effort to make an artistic language from a jargon. *The Gallery* is almost a source book of GI idiom. The language of *Fine Tooth Comb* derives from the classless, raceless jargon of the American urban population, the shorthand of exacerbated nerves and discontinuous minds.

As the story of a young man's first years in New York, *Fine Tooth Comb* purports to give a picture of the bewildering complexity and romantic variety of the Big City. But the incidents of these years are chronicled on the infatuated theory that they are interesting in themselves, without any relation to a consistent personality or to any pattern of development or regression in the character. As a result, the story is fatally episodic, with little continuity beyond the mere temporal sequence, as in a comic strip where one "adventure" follows another. The spasmodic narrative is perfectly reflected in the language, a rapid-fire, slangy, poetic prose which depends for an immediate shock effect upon such phrases as "he fingered it with his eyes," or (describing undergraduate life as) "scrambled eggs and Socrates," or a

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theatre queue as "a chain of upright mummies exhaling steam."

Isolated examples of this style might seem to possess a hectic liveliness, or could at least be dismissed as occasional misfortunes, but 378 pages of it become inert and exhausting. Its range, moreover, is too restricted for the subject. Flippant without irony, it is only capable of an attitude of tough benevolence toward the characters. So that while we are treated to large samples of the young hero's rhetoric, ideas and aspirations, we take them straight, and without detachment or the slightest qualification of humor or criticism. The story becomes as monotonous as an account by a fond parent of his only child.

IN *The Gallery*, John Horne Burns absorbs the soldier's idium into a spacious narrative prose that modifies but does not dominate the language. It is an appropriate device, as the matter of the book is the mental confusion and emotional disruption of the American soldier abroad.

The "gallery" in the title is the Galleria Umberto in Naples, an immense arcade of shops and cafes, the center of the city's life. To this gallery eventually come all the characters in the book, by way of Casablanca, Oran and Algiers. It is a kind of physical and spiritual goal, as the end of a journey, and as the climax, too, of their personal experience of war, where they reach the high point of consciousness and face the moral test that defines their characters: many to destroy themselves as heroes debased by victory, others to discover themselves as human beings, out of their familiar context, in a generous and responsible relation with a foreign people.

The latter character is not a potential expatriate of cultivated sympathies, but the average American soldier, the "man in the street" become the babe in the woods. Shocked out of his usual complacency by the loneliness and fear of war, and in a kind of spinning, sick, desperate drunk, he begins his emotional life all over again, and discovers through a new kind of human relationship with the Neapolitans a sense of "Italy's greatness in the world of the spirit." As a final step in his rehabilitation, he wonders "what was there here in the sweetness of this reality that he'd missed out on in America?"

This is the point at which the author forms his conclusions, many of them perfectly valid and all of them dignified by an honest moral indignation. On the one hand, he is uneasy and guilty about the smug, provincial, materialist life in America, and shocked by the conduct of many American soldiers, "international carpet-baggers," dishonest, acquisitive, conceited, unimaginative, brutal, fascist. He is eloquently and justly outraged by the assumption that "war with the Italians was a license for Americans to defecate all over them."

On the other hand, his sympathy with the Neapolitans is generous and ingratiating, and his affection for them is too specific and imaginative to be merely sentimental. But this imaginative sympathy operates too exclusively to the benefit of the Neapolitans, and his final position is too angry, too desperate: "I saw that I could only attribute a deficient moral and human sense to America as a nation and as a people." Without questioning whether such "senses" are national traits in any case, one regrets that he didn't employ his human insight and talent for social analysis to go beyond a just indignation and consider whether even American boorishness and immaturity couldn't be the reverse of certain substantial national virtues.

AN alternative to these conclusions is a statement from *Americans One and All*: "Americanism . . . is the highest body of idealism in the world today . . . a movement away from primitive racism, fear and nationalism, and herd instinct and mentality." Whether this is a corrective to Burns's disenchantment is a question of one's choice of prejudice. However, it's the assumption behind this anthology of short stories, each about one of the different racial groups that flavor the melting pot, and the avowed purpose of the collection is to celebrate and promote the idea of "common humanity" among these different groups. But the possession of American citizenship, or even first papers, has usually guaranteed some of the privileges and immunities of "humanity" within our territorial borders. What is not so secure is a sense, among Americans, of the humanity of those people still resident in the countries from which our forebears originally emigrated.

Granting, however, the purpose of the book, its efficacy as propaganda is doubtful, since most of us don't have to be persuaded of the humanity of the Swedish, Irish or even Russian American, while in the stories of the less popular strains, the characters necessarily appear as a subjected minority, simple, ignorant, often unfortunate and suffering. Their prestige loses by this. The recognition of the humanity of misfortune and suffering is extra-national, and not one for which, as a people, we have shown much insight or patience.

JOHN FARRELLY

Crime and Punishment

Los Angeles Murders, edited by Craig Rice (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $3). Not since the "kidnaping" of Aimee McPherson has Southern California furnished anything so startling as the seven cases reported in this fifth volume of Duell, Sloan's Regional Murder Series. Beginning with Madalynne Obenchain, in 1921, the book covers the unsolved murder of William Desmond Taylor, the feverish activities of Clara Phillips, Winnie Ruth Judd and Louise Peete, with side trips to the fantastic Walburger case and the chamber of horrors called "The Rattlesnake Murder." The contributors, who are for the most part top-drawer detective-fiction writers, go to town on their sensational material. Is there an analyst in the house?

And Hope to Die, by Richard Powell (Simon and Schuster; $2.50). Arab and Andy Blake take a hard-earned vacation in Florida, but Andy doesn't get the peace and quiet he yearns for. Before they've been in Fort Myers a week they get curious about some odd goings-on, which turn out to involve a large-scale racket—smuggling French collaborators into the US from Cuba. The Blakes, aided and abetted by a beautiful and enigmatic blonde and a twelve-year-old expatriated American youngster, furnish an abundance of chills, thrills, chuckles and—ultimately —success.

E. H.

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Radio

Video: Glimps to Cheese

UNDOUBTEDLY, you have given some thought to television. You probably wonder what kind of video set to buy, if any; what kind of programs, if any, you would be able to pick up on that set. That depends in part on where you live. As of now, the grand total of commercial television stations in operation, in construction or definitely planned in the United States, is only 75. These are, or will be, located in 40 cities. If you are over the horizon from all of these stations, planned and real, you are beyond video's pale for the predictable future. Television waves stop at the physical horizon, and if your set is beyond it, you might as well resurrect your grandmother's stereopticon. Furthermore, on the stereopticon you might get pictures in color. They'll be all black-and-white, or dull gray, on television. That's because the Glimps don't live together any more.

The Glimps are charming characters, done in warm prose and lovely pictures, in a book by the author-artist Ludwig Bemelmans. In his *Tale of Two Glimps,* Bemelmans has the species, male and female thereof, occupying adjoining apartments and immersed in video. *His* set picks up only black-and-white pictures, *hers* gets them in all the colors of the rainbow. In the end, he gives up. Married in Technicolor, they live together—but not forever. For the tale was made to order for CBS.

The *Tale of Two Glimps* was the Sunday punch in a campaign on which CBS spent a total of $5 million to prove to the trade—and more important, to the Federal Communications Commission—that color television is technically feasible and commercially desirable right now. The other giants in the industry, particularly the Radio Corporation of America, Philco and Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc., agreed that color video is desirable. They conceded that some day it will be feasible. However, they argued against CBS' "mechanical" system, saying an "electronic" method is preferable, but that to put either system into commercial use in the near future would set television back many years.

There were hints that CBS wanted color now because it had nothing to lose, not being in the business of building equipment or sets, as were some of its principal opponents. There were probes, demonstrations, engineering tests and a final FCC hearing. That's when CBS brought up its Bemelmans masterpiece. Everybody enjoyed the clever little book, and the FCC laughed and laughed. But CBS didn't, when it was all over, because the commission ruled against commercial color now.

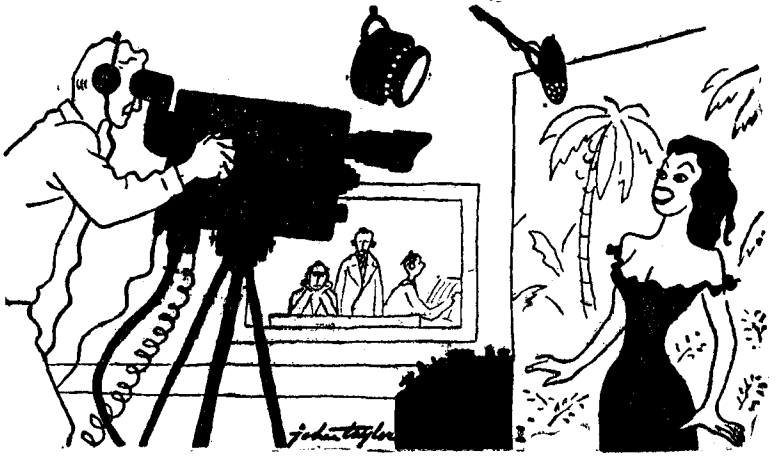
At present, there are only 12 television stations on the air. Construction permits have been issued by the FCC for 54 other video transmitters, some of which will certainly be functioning before the end of this year. Finally, nine undecided applications are pending before the commission—making a total of 75. (You will find the tabulation below to see where you fit as far as horizon is concerned.)

GRANTED that you are, or will be, within range of at least one of these 75, what chances are there of your buying a television set? Partly that's a matter of purse. Prices range from a $250 table model to a handsome $2,475.50 console, which includes, in addition to the television "screen," an automatic record changer and phonograph, facilities for receiving both AM and FM radio, and an electronic clock. I have a clock.

In the cities where television is not purely academic, there are enough sets available, but the high-priced ones predominate. The manufacturers at this early stage had their choice of making sets "for snobs or for mobs," to use *Variety's* taunt. They chose the "class" market. Consequently, it's much easier to get a big set for your bar and grill, if that happens to be your business, than for home entertainment. In the big cities where television is now on the air, the saloons snare extra beer sales by giving the customers a free show whenever baseball or a fight is being televised. If that seems to you like a reversion to radio's early days, it is.

And most of the programming you'd get if you had a set at home is on that bar-and-grill level. Here is the total of one Saturday's programming on New York's three stations: tennis matches picked up at Forest Hills, two periods for the "Madison Square Boys' Club," news (which differs from news over the radio only in that you see the newscaster, and few of them are handsome), a documentary film, a show telling you about sports (but not showing you any), a professional baseball game and the Roy Rogers rodeo from the Polo Grounds.

There are dramatic programs, too. I went to NBC's viewing room to see one of them. It was a full-hour presentation of Ibsen's "A Doll's House." An indifferent cast gave an indifferent performance against sets that mattered not at all. At one point, Nora forgot a line while conversing with Dr. Rank. (Tele-



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vision performers hold very brief rehearsals, and cannot read from script the way radio actors do.) Dr. Rank, or maybe it was the director, had to prompt her. Over the loudspeaker came the line; it boomed out first in baritone, to be repeated immediately by Nora. The line had to be: "Is that so terrible?"

And this happened on a sponsored show. Good money was paid out for it by the same people who, on radio, bring you such smooth shows as "Gildersleeve" and "Kraft Music Hall." The sponsor was Kraft Food Company. The product plugged on the television show was MacLaren's cheese.

I have also seen some excellent shows on television. I remember NBC's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," its three acts spread over three separate evenings. I recall CBS' "Wrong Number," when the network called in a top Hollywood producer-director, John Houseman, to handle the job imaginatively. But most of the video you'd get now, unfortunately —when it isn't films or "special events" like sports done with much more excitement than the radio provides—is just cheese. Which is all right in its place.

Now here are those listings on television. On the air now, 12 stations, including three in New York City, two each in Washington, D. C., and Los Angeles, one apiece in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Schenectady and Philadelphia.

Construction permits issued: Los Angeles (5); Riverside, Calif.; San Francisco (3); Stockton, Calif.; Washington, D. C. (2); Miami; Chicago (3); Indianapolis; Bloomington, Ind.; Ames, Iowa; Louisville; New Orleans; Boston; Waltham, Mass.; Detroit (2); Minneapolis; St. Paul; Newark, N. J.; Albuquerque; Buffalo; New York City (5); Cincinnati; Cleveland (2); Columbus; Dayton; Toledo; Portland, Ore.; Johnstown, Pa.; Philadelphia (2); Providence; Dallas; Fort Worth; Salt Lake City; Richmond; Seattle; Milwaukee; Baltimore (3).

Applications are pending for two additional stations in Philadelphia and one more each in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Boston. But Will Baltin, secretary of the Television Broadcasters' Association, is sure that by 1951 there should be 100 television stations on the air. The chairman of the FCC, Charles Denny, said a year ago that that would happen by the end of 1947. We shall see.

SAUL CARSON

Movies

Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl

MEXICO is being photographed like crazy these days, and a good thing too. Lately, "Honeymoon," "Fiesta" and a John Ford movie not yet released have had Mexican backgrounds, and are thus beautifully mounted whatever their content. "Fiesta" (a silly title) is Technicolored and elaborate—quite fancy, in fact—but I think you'll find it peaceful and not unpleasant.

The famous volcanoes, Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl, which were practically characters in the novel, *Under the Volcano*, play quite a part in "Fiesta." The plains of maguey cactus that frame the ranch of the Morales family, its long avenues of eucalyptus trees, its gardens and pools and bullpens and houses overlooked by mountains bathed in snow and lavender light, make a pretty scene. The bullrings in the city and in a smaller town like Puebla are real and interesting, and the people, and especially the dusty, temperamental, wonderful cars, are Mexican and no fakes.

The music, for once in a film like this, is fine. A very good suite, "El Salon Mexico" by Aaron Copland, has been plotted into the movie. It is orchestrated by Johnny Green, and supposedly—perhaps actually—played by the Mexican Symphony Orchestra. The dances, handled by Eugene Loring, are accurate and at the same time exaggerated in a worldly way, which, after the oversimplification Mexico has received from our movie-makers, is gratifying. What looks like a jitterbug *jarabe* may be the Raspa, and there is, fortunately, but for very little reason, the Basque Spatadantzari, a complicated, spirited dance requiring both talent and gumption. The popular La Bamba, like La Raspa and our own firehouse-juke-box evenings, is danced by kids and anyone else limber enough.

The story of "Fiesta" is far-fetched, but no more so than in most musicals. To an illustrious bullfighter in retirement—he'd waved his cape at one bull too many—are born twins. This pair consist of a sensitive boy and a curiously agile, eager girl, played by the ex-swimmer, Esther Williams. As you've guessed already, Miss Williams develops an agility at fancy butchering that goes a long way to wipe out papa's disappointment in his unaggressive son. The boy is played by the Mexican sensation, Ricardo Montalban. He is handsome in an international sort of way, and so well trained and attractive that if parts can be found for him in Hollywood, which seems likely, he should be a success in this country. He has already made 27 movies in Mexico.

The matching-up of scenes in which Miss Williams is supposed to be fighting are not too good. For one thing, the film color is different, and for another, the substitute of the double is obvious. The fight technique itself looked fine to me, but my *corrida* expert points out some flaws. The mistakes, however, don't seem too important (there should have been a man on horseback when the matador came out to take a bow, etc.) and the final result has a lot of pace, color and excitement.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Women of Oaxaco, by Dosamantes, Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

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Farm

Crop Report

A FARMER is constantly shooting dice with the weather. If it is too dry, the seeds he plants won't germinate, and if it is too wet, he can't get into the field to plant them.

At times this spring it seemed as if the dice were loaded against the farmer. East of the Rockies we had one of the coldest, wettest Mays in history and most of June was as bad or worse.

Corn, our biggest crop, was the one that was hardest-hit by unseasonable weather. From late April through the first week of June in Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and most of Indiana, it rained three or four days out of five. In Michigan on June 15 only 40 percent of the intended corn crop had been planted. And in Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Missouri large acreages remained to be planted.

Other areas suffered from wet and cold weather. In early May there was a freeze which cut cherry production in the Appalachian area and in Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, and from May 28-30 occurred another freeze which extended from Kansas to Montana and eastward to Michigan. About this time there was a heat wave in Arizona which did some damage to vegetables and fruits, especially to the bloom of the navel oranges. From these few samples you get an idea of the kind of game the farmer plays with the weather.

The people who keep track of this game are 600,000 farmers who gather information and make out reports on rainfall, temperature and crop conditions through the nation. And the people who analyze this information and who predict crop yields are agricultural statisticians, economists and scientists located in the 48 states and in Washington, D. C.

These 600,000 farmers get not a cent for their labor; yet some of them fill out a questionnaire as often as once a week. The Crop Reporting Board of the Department of Agriculture is one of the least expensive and most valuable services our government provides. Coöperating with the Department of Agriculture are State Experiment Stations, Weather Bureau personnel and State Departments of Agriculture.

THIS unique service originated in 1862, when Lincoln appointed Isaac Newton as the first Commissioner of Agriculture. The information was demanded by farmers who claimed they were being victimized by speculators who put out misleading and false reports about agricultural conditions.

The crop-production report is released on the tenth of each month. On this day members of the Crop Reporting Board start to work at 4 a.m. By Act of Congress, to prevent word on speculative crops from leaking out, they work behind closed doors and even cook their own breakfast and lunch. Even the blinds are fastened, because once a sly signal from a window enabled cotton speculators to make a killing.

There is special interest in the July crop report, because for the first time the board is able to make some real predictions. Just before 3 p.m., reporters toe a line in one of the rooms of the Agriculture Building. When the mimeographed reports are brought in and laid face down on a table across the room, a board member gives the signal: "On your mark, get set, go!"

It is of course impossible to keep speculators from gambling on what weather conditions have done to the crops, but at least under the present system no one has any information the others don't have. Floods and excessive rain and low temperatures were undoubtedly one of the causes of the recent sharp rise in the price of corn futures. July corn futures on June 25 on the Chicago Board of Trade reached $2.02¼ a bushel, the highest level in its 99-year history of the market. The previous peak of $1.98⅛ was established in 1919. Although heavy

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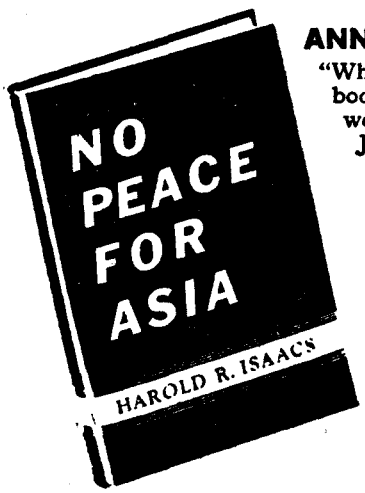

ANNALEE JACOBY SAYS:
"When correspondents talked of post-war books, the consensus was that Isaacs' would be a corker. And it is."—Annalee Jacoby, *New York Times*

HAROLD R. ISAACS
***Author of* The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution**

NO PEACE FOR ASIA

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rains in Iowa and other corn-belt states have cut corn production to some extent, newspaper reports of the bad effects of weather on corn production have been highly exaggerated. If we have favorable weather in July, corn production will probably be somewhat in excess of the 1935-44 average of 2.6 billion bushels.

One especially bright spot in the crop-production picture is wheat. At the present time American farmers are harvesting the greatest wheat crop in their history. The Department of Agriculture has estimated that total wheat production in 1947 will be 1,409,893,000 bushels—254 million bushels more than last year. Winter-wheat production will reach a new record of 1,093,071,000 bushels—well above last year's record crop of nearly 874 million bushels and the 10-year average of 654 million. Wet weather should not interfere unduly with the wheat harvest, because 80 percent of the entire crop is harvested by highly mechanized combines, which make weather much less of a hazard. A few days of dry weather mean more than they used to.

SIGNS point to a better-than-average year for most crops. Cotton has been making good progress and so have sugar beets, tobacco and grain sorghums. The aggregate tonnage of spring truck crops was about one-eighth less than last year, but one-sixth above the average. Despite cold weather, total deciduous fruit production will be almost as large as the 1946 record. Peaches will reach a new high (86,643,000 bushels, 34 million above average), and although cherries suffered from the freeze, they will also be above the average, as will prunes. Apples and apricots, however, will be less than average.

Meanwhile, farmers will continue to worry about the weather. There is an old saying that one extreme follows another. Consequently farmers are expecting a drought, a bigger hazard for most of them than wet weather. They have not forgotten the droughts of 1930-36 and they know that another is long overdue. Of course nobody is foolish enough to predict a drought or a series of dry years. Only time can tell.

ANGUS MCDONALD

United Nations News

Report from the Balkans

THE Security Council has begun its consideration of an 800-page report on the Balkans, submitted by the Council's Balkan Commission of Investigation after two months of field work in Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria, and another month of deliberation in Geneva.

The report is a tortured, confusing document—a sad product of the UN's first attempt at a political investigation.

Partly this is because the commission, which was confined to an investigation of border disputes, was dealing with a complex situation in impossibly narrow terms, and partly because each delegate reached his conclusions according to his government's policy in the Balkans. The Soviet Union and Poland disagreed with every conclusion reached by the majority; Belgium, Colombia and especially France had major reservations. It is clear that, on the basis of the jumbled charges and countercharges, almost any conclusion—or none at all—was possible.

This commission has set a general procedural pattern which all future UN investigations, including the present one in Palestine, will follow. It has also, by submitting concrete recommendations on the strength of inconclusive evidence, further muddled the situation and increased the difficulties of the Security Council in arriving at a just solution. Reaction to the report will emerge on a level of national interest.

The Russians will be judging the strength of the Truman Doctrine and the scope of the Marshall aid program by Warren R. Austin's attitude toward the report (the conclusions reached were largely the work of the US delegate, hardheaded, uncompromising Mark Ethridge). The US will be estimating the sincerity of Russia's desire to cooperate when Gromyko discusses the report. The Soviet and Polish delegates on the commission have charged that the conclusions reached were based on the "symptoms and not the causes of troubles."

Delegates from the 11 nations represented on the Security Council, their advisers and the Secretariat staff assembled in Athens last January and began hearing testimony on the causes of Balkan border disputes from Greek witnesses. Later the commission was split into teams which traveled by car, by train and by mule pack along the border of northern Greece and into Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria. They heard testimony from government representatives, opposition leaders of all political shades, from priests and from peasants.

Privately, some of the delegates admit that they were more enthusiastically received by the Partisans in northern Greece than by Greek government officials in Athens. The Partisans fed the commission for two days while UN food supplies were delayed. They seemed eager to talk to delegates and hopeful that some solution could be found.

DELEGATES and Secretariat members had been equipped with sleeping bags, heavy clothing, sunglasses, thermos bottles and duffel bags so that they were able to visit even the most remote villages. They had a close-up of poverty, destruction and economic devastation. They noted a thriving black market in Greece and relative stability in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Though they were the victims of petty thievery during their stay in Athens, they found the peasants in the north completely honest. Neither their personal observations nor a valid analysis of the causes of Balkan unrest appear in the report—despite the lengthy conclusions. What does appear is conflicting testimony:

Albania provided Greek guerrillas with weapons and supplies while training them for war against Greece in Albanian camps; on the contrary, Greek witnesses who gave this information were never in Albania and have no way of knowing. Yugoslavia has sent guerrilla bands across the frontier to

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fight the Greek government; not at all, Greece has provoked border incidents to discredit the Yugoslav government. A Partisan leader in Albania told Greek refugees that "our companions in Greece are fighting with fire and iron, the Party orders us to go and reinforce them"; not so, nobody ever made such a statement and the fact that "23,000 Greeks fled to Albania because of persecutions and terror on the part of the Greek authorities" shows clearly "the monarcho-fascist" character of the Greek government. Soviet satellites have sought to detach Greece's northern provinces and dominate the inhabitants; on the contrary, Greece has used these provinces to provoke border incidents and has persecuted the Slavic minorities living there. And so on. . .

IN considerably more human terms, the commission and the Council have pictorial evidence at their disposal—photographs taken by Marcos Chamudes, Chilean-born US citizen who accompanied the commission as official UN photographer. His photographs, now on exhibit in the delegates' lounge at the United Nations, are technically excellent and show vividly what went on: the commission hearing testimony from a tired prisoner; Greek widows in black, their dark eyes staring mournfully and accusingly out of pale faces; a Partisan girl, young and strong, with a gun slung over her shoulder; prisoners behind barbed wire holding signs which read, "Let the English Leave."

After hearing and seeing this wealth of disparate evidence, a majority of the delegates agreed to set up a subcommission to continue border patrols, to recommend that the Security Council give it permanent status. In addition, they suggested that minority groups be transferred voluntarily and that all refugees be prevented from "indulging in political and military activity." Of a more serious nature was their condemnation of Yugoslavia as the chief cause of Balkan trouble and of Bulgaria and Albania to a lesser degree. It is apparent that Russia and Poland could not and did not support these conclusions.

The one surprising and gratifying statement in the report was made by the French delegate, Georges Daux, who said he felt nothing was gained either by blaming one country or by making formal recommendations to the Security Council which could only lead to a further division of opinion. "This division," Daux said, "could not fail to revive old grudges and arouse new disputes."

Daux also gave a succinct analysis of the shortcomings of the commission. It had investigated only one narrow aspect of the Balkan question; its methods were new, its procedure untested; there was no guarantee, under the circumstances, that all witnesses had spoken freely; moreover, the delegates themselves had certain predilections which made any conclusions by this essentially political commission a risky business. While Daux went along with the recommendations made by the majority, he felt that it might have been better to present the testimony, however dry and conflicting, and let the Security Council come to its own conclusions. For in Daux's words:

"The future is, in this case, of more consequence than the past."

JANE BEDELL

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

A HOME IN THE COUNTRY

Are you one of those individuals whose wife and child are eager for a vacation this summer? Are you disappointed that you cannot rent a bungalow and wondering when you will ever solve this problem of summer residence?

Well, there is a solution. A group of cooperative-minded persons bought a tract of 400 acres in Peekskill, New York, developed the land, built beautiful homes and enabled hundreds of families to live in comfort and economy. This original venture, started in 1923, has now developed into a thriving prosperous community. It is called Mohegan Colony.

In 1939 another group of progressive-minded individuals bought a tract of 200 beautiful acres, near the Bronx River Parkway, a single hour's ride from New York, with adequate facilities for bathing, shopping, etc. With the pre-war, war and post-war difficulties in building, we were not able to start construction. However, at this time we are beginning to build bungalows and are assured of the completion of many of them for use this season.

In our organization all the members are fully protected. A parcel of land can be bought for as little as $200. Improvements on the land are made on a low-cost, cooperative basis. Bungalows are built under the supervision of experts and are similarly designed for satisfying the modest-income group of professionals and white-collar workers.

We are convinced we can enable you—of refined tastes but low income—to own your parcel of land, build your bungalow at little cost and protect you against fraud and exploitation. Ours is not a real estate promotion scheme; it is a legitimate, reliable cooperative enterprise. We are incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. You will have the fullest opportunity to examine our financial standing, to visit our property and to participate in our meetings. We especially invite members of labor unions and progressive organizations generally.

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Music

Genial Genius

PIERRE MONTEUX, who opened the thirtieth anniversary season of the nation's oldest outdoor symphonic concert series at Lewisohn Stadium in New York, is the ideal summer conductor. On the hottest evening he keeps his audience in the most genial spirits and as cool as so many cucumbers. A rotund little man with a perpetual twinkle in his eyes and a smile ready to break out underneath his bushy mustache, Monteux does not confuse conducting with choreography. His direction of an orchestra illustrates one of the most admirable tenets of Gallic taste—the belief that economy of means is one of the greatest virtues of an artist.

In upwards of fifty years of conducting Monteux has learned to limit his activity to the real essentials of his craft. He lets the music speak for itself. Under his level-headed direction, the playing of an orchestra is as natural as breathing. He never requires his men to produce attention-getting effects designed to make an audience exclaim, "Look! Monteux is conducting!"

If the success of a career is measured in terms of ballyhoo and glamor, Monteux is not one of the world's most successful musicians. Year after year he remains at the head of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, solidifying public appreciation in a way that will make it difficult to select an adequate successor when the time comes. His merit is universally recognized among both musicians and the general public, but he is not a sensation at the box office.

Yet it would be hard to find a conductor of more distinguished achievement. He first rose to world prominence as a conductor of the Ballet Russe in its great days under the direction of Serge Diaghilev, and he made his first American appearances in this capacity in 1916. He was the original interpreter of such epoch-making works as Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" and Ravel's "Daphnis et

Drawing by John Taylor

Chloé," and to this day no other musician understands them better.

In 1919 Monteux took over the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had all but collapsed after the wartime internment of its German conductor, Karl Muck, a season earlier. Out of the scraps of a once notable orchestra he built a good ensemble, and he refurbished the repertory by emphasizing French music and by venturing to present many contemporary scores. When Serge Koussevitzky took over the Boston orchestra in 1924, he profited greatly from the discipline and taste Monteux had already given the players.

IT WOULD not be honest to call Monteux's performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" at the opening Stadium concert the finest on record. It did, however, offer a good opportunity for an assessment of his qualities. His best asset—the simplicity with which he permits the men to play straightforwardly and without affectation—is also a limitation in music which lays claim to prophetic eloquence. His is a cool temperament, and except in the twentieth-century Parisian scores so perfectly suited to his approach, other conductors achieve a more urgent emotional force. Yet few living musicians are motivated by a more self-effacing respect for the right of a composer to have his music heard without distortion.

Monteux's soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at the first Stadium concert, appropriately, was a native San Franciscan, the young violinist Isaac Stern. In this day of prodigious fiddlers, Stern's career has developed relatively slowly. He made his first public appearance at nine and not at three, and he has become a national figure only gradually. Consequently he now, in his middle twenties, plays like an intelligent grown man who has had time to assimilate and profit from his years of training. Though his technique is equal to the most dazzling requirements of display, he always remains a musician rather than a mountebank. However attractively he plays superficial virtuoso pieces or trifles like those in the motion picture "Humoresque," Stern has become so valid an artist that only the best music becomes him.

OUR national commitment to outdoor orchestral music as a summer pastime constitutes a dual tribute to the educational effect of the radio and to the triumph of the public-address system. Without the radio the American public could not have developed, in scarcely more than a decade, the familiarity with orchestral music which enables thousands of listeners to regard a Brahms symphony as a form of recreation. Without electrical amplification, the music would be largely inaudible.

Today, intelligent bandmasters, reading the handwriting on the wall, are improving their programs, in order to hold a more discriminating public. The Goldman Band, for instance, recently won loud applause from its audience on New York's Central Park Mall with the first American performance of a strictly library item, the forgotten "Funeral and Triumphal Symphony," in three sizable movements, written by Hector Berlioz in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution of 1830. When bandmasters investigate the literature good composers have provided for the concert band instead of falling back on transcriptions of the "Tristan" music with clarinets squealing the violin parts, they need have no fear that their function will be entirely usurped by symphonic conductors. And what orchestra can play a march as the Goldman Band can?

CECIL SMITH

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Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 15)

I visited with my old friend Roswell Garst at Coon Rapids, who has the biggest seed-corn plant in the world. He proudly boasts that in this one plant he and his partner Charles Thomas process corn which plants 2.4 percent of the corn acreage of the US. On a hot, early August day in 1930 I paid my first visit to Coon Rapids to see Garst's first hybrid cornfield, for which I had furnished the seed. Today, only 17 years later, Garst's operations have expanded many hundredfold and his plant adds hundreds of thousands of dollars to the income of the citizens of Coon Rapids.

Like so many of the people who come off the broad, fat land of Iowa, Garst has enormous drive. He is keenly interested in fertilizer and insists that Iowa farmers who in the past have bought almost no fertilizer except phosphate and lime should now use nitrates. Another of Garst's hobbies is corncobs, of which his plant produces 2,000 tons a year. He has found that he can grind corncobs and mix them with a little urea and soybean-oil meal and carry young cattle through the winter at a gain of 1.5 pounds a day. They will not fatten, but the ration seems to be satisfactory for young dairy or beef cattle being roughed through the winter. At the present time he is sending the cobs to a plant which makes furfural.

Ten years or more ago I predicted that the principle of controlled heterosis would spread from corn to chickens, from chickens to swine and finally to cattle. Controlled heterosis means the unique vigor which comes from crossing just the right inbred strains and which can be repeated again and again because the inbred strains have been firmly established by several generations of brother-sister mating. On this recent trip, I came across a group of ex-county agents in northern Iowa who are applying a modified form of this program to hogs. What they are preparing to do is to furnish the farmers of Iowa this fall with 1,000 boars at $150 each. They will not have the specific and direct control over heredity which we have in hybrid corn and hybrid chickens, but rather an intermediate approach through bringing in two or more inbred lines on the sire side. In other words, it is an effort to reinvigorate the corn-belt hog with a "scientific boar service."

The pure-bred-hog men are fighting the new idea. This will probably ensure its success, provided the "scientific-boar-service" men really have a good string of first-generation crosses of just the right inbreds. If this program works in Iowa with hogs, the idea will undoubtedly spread both to dairy and beef cattle. The men who have started this work claim that about 15 percent of their customers are dissatisfied, 20 percent are not greatly impressed, and two-thirds are wildly enthusiastic. At six months the pigs weigh 20 or 30 pounds more than the average, and if the crossbred sows are saved for breeding, one or two more pigs per litter will survive.

I was very happy to see these men utilizing some crosses involving the Danish Landrace swine which I had induced the US Department of Agriculture to import from Denmark in the early thirties. They are very different from the swine we have in the corn belt and produce a superior carcass for the consumer. Crossed with the corn-belt hog, they produce useful results.

We stopped in at a cannery where they were processing asparagus. In the fall, they process sweet corn. The profits are not great, but the little town is largely supported by the income from the cannery and the seed-corn processing plant which my associates started about 15 years ago.

So it goes, all over Iowa; there are a multitude of little industries. Some of these will have an improved chance, now that the South and the West are being given a better break in freight rates.

THERE is an extraordinary complacency in Iowa these days, but at the same time a great underlying fear. One of my old associates, who was a tenant

MOTION PICTURES

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125th ST.
REGENT
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23rd ST.
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And introducing PEGGY CUMMINS
From JOHN P. MARQUAND and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN Play
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on our farm when we started the seed-corn business 21 years ago, is a Quaker. He is active with the Friends' Service Committee in Iowa on behalf of everything looking toward peace. The Quakers have been holding a Midwestern Institute for International Relations at Drake University. I mention this because it is one of hundreds of activities which church people are carrying on everywhere over the nation, but especially in the Middle West and the South. Quakers, Methodists and Congregationalists seem to be especially active.

I have a small interest in an electrotyping plant in Iowa which started some years ago to utilize a plastic as a substitute for wax. Beginning in 1943, it used a silver-nitrate spray as a substitute for graphite, to help electrical conductivity. As a result, the whole appearance of the plant has been radically changed. In the old days most of the men had dirty hands and smudged faces because the combination of wax and graphite was all-pervasive. The change was hastened by the war. Technological change is galloping in hundreds of ways concerning which most of us know nothing. The productivity of the future will be incredible if sand is not thrown into the bearings of the economic machine by depression.

EVERY time I visit the farms of the great Middle West, I am impressed again with the utter dependence of the whole area on weather, the tremendous variability of the weather, and the endless capacity of plant, animal and human life to make whatever adaptations may be necessary. Many visitors to the United States from foreign lands have commented on the seemingly inexhaustible vitality of the people of the vast central area. Scientists believe that sharp fluctuations in temperature, as well as varying amounts of important chemicals in the soil, do have a definite effect upon the health and energy of the people. The great interiors of all the continents have been in the past and certainly will be in the future tremendous reservoirs of human energy profoundly affecting the whole shape of civilization. H. W.

Art

Of Mexican Muralists

ALTHOUGH almost every one of the masters of Mexico's famous school of mural art has in the past been vigorously active in politics, today they are sticking rather close to painting. Perhaps nearest to the chief subject of talk down here—the recent United States loan to Mexico—is the mural David Alfaro Siqueiros is doing on the vast inner dome of the Treasury Building. The classic tradition of ten years ago would have demanded the depicting of the loan in terms of a bloated, black-frocked imperialist garnering golden millions with one hand while contemptuously throwing back a few coppers with the other. Starving Mexicans would be in the foreground, with perhaps off to the right a flourish of revolutionary rifles and, above, the fierce-mustached face of Zapata or an equally formidable Karl Marx presaging the new order to come.

Today, however, the muralists, together with the vast majority of the Mexican people, are backing their new President in his determination to build a modern, industrialized Mexico. The agreement is general that Mexico must first achieve capitalism before proceeding further with social reforms.

Just what Siqueiros is really doing on the Treasury dome is a moot question, but one thing is certain: the work in progress is about the best show now available in Mexico City. The hours of work are nine to five; visitors are forbidden by signs to speak or call to the painters; and the work proceeds at the demoniacal pace of a Ford factory. Siqueiros works in rainbow-splattered overalls and rough blue workshirt, high up on the great wooden scaffolding. Hard by his right-hand side stands a young man who might be called a brush caddy. On instant demand, this lad supplies the master with brushes, from the tiniest to those well adapted to house painting. A few paces behind, another assistant is ready with a hissing spray gun. Siqueiros uses this twentieth-century tool to shadow and help achieve the round smoothness that characterizes his work. The staggering amount of ceiling still to be covered has already been sprayed in brown and laid out in bewildering geometric yellow patterns. Two apprentices are working ahead of Siqueiros, blocking this pattern in with black and gray, leaving behind them rough figures and forms upon which he hangs his living, flaming colors.

AIDED by his international reputation, Diego Rivera is currently painting a series of portraits—an activity that has paid the grocery bill of many an artist. Not long ago, the painter delivered a most interesting group of lectures that tied up the origin of man, the economic development of history and modern painting. One of these talks fell on the night that President Truman entered Mexico City. "The people of the capital are tonight greet-ink Señor Truman," Rivera began in his usual diffident tone, "even as Montezuma's people once greeted Cortes."

Jose Orozco is currently having a one-man show in the sumptuous Palacia de Belles Artes, where hangs the Tiffany-glass curtain. The size and spread in time of this exhibit afford an eloquent artistic autobiography of this painter

Leopoldo Mendez *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

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iqueiros Portrait of Latin America—*Hastings House*

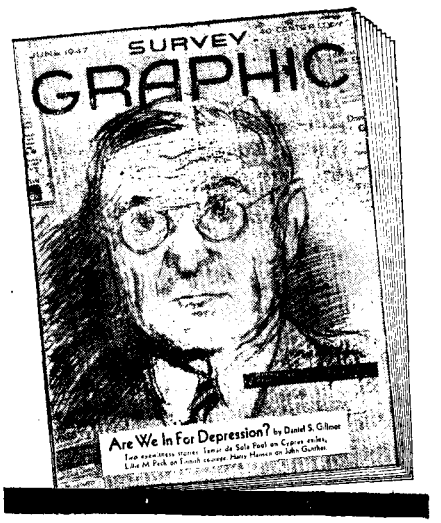
vhose penetrating drastic executions are great influence on contemporary art. An interesting and typically Mexican idenote: Orozco has tacked up his hone number and address, with a note elling all and sundry not to mutter in heir beards but talk to him about the xhibit.

The newest mural in Mexico is in S. Maternidad, not a steamship but giant maternity hospital built by he social-security arm of the govern- nent. The work was finished only a ew weeks ago by fresco painters Leo- oldo Mendez and Pablo O'Higgins. The two painters have developed coöp- rative work to an amazing degree. Together they worked out the basic hemes, colors and sketches; together hey went to famous surgeons in town or advice on what instruments and nachines to portray, then out to the ountry to sketch peasants and plows— or the basic theme is that all medical rogress has been made possible through he hand of labor. In the actual paint- ng, Mendez and O'Higgins use the ame colors and brushes. At times they both work, sitting on the scaffold in rough work clothes like a pair of sign painters. Another time, Pablo will stand back in the foyer with folded arms while Leopoldo executes a particularly difficult section: "Mas . . . mas . . . mejor. . . muy bien, Leopoldo, perfecto!" In such manner the muralists completed the Maternidad project after six months of actual painting. For this mural Seguro Social paid them 10,000 pesos—not a princely sum, yet sufficient to keep the artist sound of body and spirit.

Like John Steinbeck, Pablo O'Higgins is another American from the West who has sought in Mexico the freedom and opportunity not available at home. Born in Salt Lake City in 1904, the son of an unprosperous Irish lawyer, Paul O'Higgins has in the course of two decades of work down here become one of the acknowledged masters of Mexican mural art.

THE transformation from Paul to *Pablo, el pintor,* began when young O'Higgins entered Mexico in the stirring summer of 1924 when the one-armed General Obregon was giving way to Plutarcho Calles amid echoes of the Villa bands and Cristero revolts. Pablo went to paint in Guaymus with a Mexican fellow student from the Los Angeles Art Academy. While there, he conceived the bold idea of writing Diego Rivera. The muralist answered immediately and urged young Paul to come to Mexico City and study with him.

For three years, Pablo ground colors, painted in backgrounds and simple designs and watched Rivera paint, the inevitable revolver strapped to his



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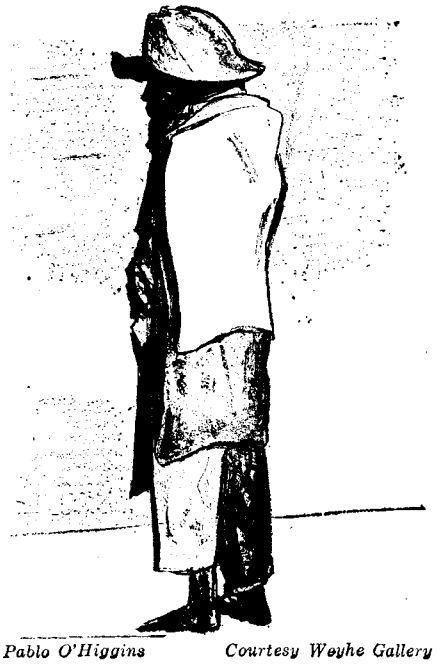
portly waist. (In those days, art critics sometimes spoke with bullets.)

Pablo O'Higgins now finds himself in the center of muralists and painters who have formed the well known Taller de Graphica Popular. Leopoldo Mendez, Salza and Charlot are other prominent members. The workshop is the logical continuation of the principles of coöperative work and criticism that made the early Sindicato de Pintores y Escultores and the LER (League of Writers and Artists) so successful. It is a focal point for artists and students who are interested in the art of social realism and who perhaps feel that an artist can do better in coöperation with other artists and with the trade-union movement.

THE workshop and the Mexican art movement in general are truly pan-American. Pablo O'Higgins is almost a symbol of this—a big, friendly, blue-eyed man with the shock of yellow hair that appears in many of Rivera's murals, speaking loose, easy Spanish with his intensely Indian friend Leopoldo. Though he still retains his United States citizenship, Pablo calls himself a citizen of America, perceives an organic unity of land, people and culture. But he prefers to remain in Mexico: "Here is the center of America, no? Here is where Latin America meets the North . . . the oldest civilization of the New World." DE WITT SMITH



Pablo O'Higgins *Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

Correspondence

Shanghai Commencement

SIR: During the last fortnight, large numbers of college students have been molested, brutally beaten up, arrested and imprisoned on the false charge of their being "Communist agents," in Shanghai and other big cities. Pistol shots, bayonets iron rods and heavy wooden clubs bristling with nails or barbed-wire coils have been indiscriminately used to wound and to kill. Thousands of government agents . . . have broken into dormitories at midnight to arrest students. . . . The arrests are being continued and the arrested will not be sent to the courts. Nor is it known when the imprisoned will be set free or whether a wholesale murder will be their common fate. As teachers of the young men and women, we have, therefore, decided to declare:

We strongly condemn and protest the use of brute force, on the part of the government, to suppress the student movement, as well as the criminal violence employed and illegal arrests made by government agents.

We demand the immediate release of all students thus arrested and the government's assurance in good faith that such wanton abuse of power will not be repeated;

We demand full protection of such basic human rights as the freedom of the body of speech, of publication, of congregation, of the formation of societies, of lecturing, of demonstration and of petition, and the instant abolition of the six "Expedients in Maintaining Social Order";

We ask for an increase in the outlay for education in the country's budget from less than four percent to 15 percent, as contrasted with the 80 percent now given to military expenditures; and

We strongly urge the immediate ending of the civil war and the sincere practice of democratic policies by the government.

MA YING-CHU, CHAUNG NAI-CHI
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SIR: Henry Wallace and his mob of Jew Communist parasites can offer nothing and can give nothing to this Republic (not democracy), and the only way that this government can be restored to the American people is through this revolution which is now in the making and well under way . . . and which will be the most bloody and vicious civil war in the history of the world.

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Up, Up and Awa-a-y!

After leaving the school the Prince [son of King Ibn Saud of Arabia] sped, via limousine lent by Transcontinental and Western Air, which transports the royal family across oceans, over Northern Boulevard, the Triborough Bridge, and back to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. – *From the New York* Times.

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Red-handed

Robert C. Alexander, assistant chief of the Visa Division of the State Department, also said he believed the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee is "honey-combed with Communists," since the name included the words "anti-Fascist." – *UP dispatch from Washington.*

Could Be

Emphasizing the necessity for keeping prescription prices as uniform as possible in the Western region, he [Fred C. Felter, publisher of the *Pacific Drug Review*] said: "When a prescription is filled several times—once at 45 cents and at a different place at 95 cents—it makes the public think the prescription business is a racket."—*From the Salt Lake* Telegram.

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